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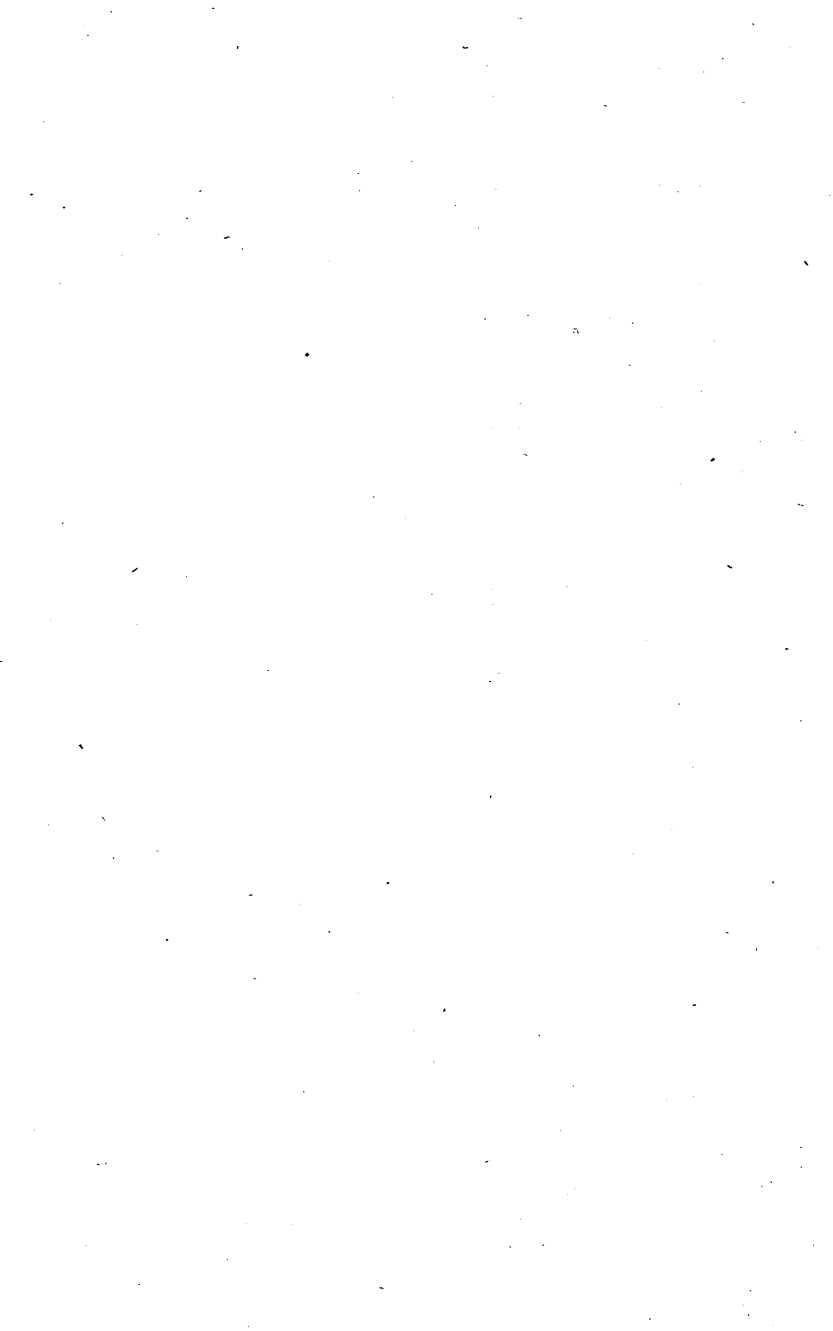


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ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL,
ARMAGH.



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ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL,
ARMAGH.

WITH A SHORT REFERENCE TO THE STATE OF
RELIGION IN ULSTER PREVIOUS TO
AND SINCE ITS ERECTION.

BY THE

REV. JOHN GALLOGLY, C.C.

TULLYALLEN, DROGHEDA.

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1880.

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TO
THE FEW SURVIVING PRIESTS AND LAYMEN WHO
WITNESSED THE LAYING OF THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF
ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, ARMAGH,
AND WHO, LIKE MYSELF, TOOK A LIVELY INTEREST
IN THE PROGRESS OF THE WORK FROM ITS
COMMENCEMENT TO ITS COMPLETION,
THIS SHORT AND UNPRETENDING NOTICE OF ITS HISTORY
IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED
BY ONE WHO WAS PRESENT ON THE OCCASION,
AND WHO STILL RETAINS A SORROWFUL AND FOND
RECOLLECTION OF THE GREAT AND GOOD MEN WHO HAVE
GONE TO THEIR REWARD BEFORE THE
ACCOMPLISHMENT OF AN UNDERTAKING FOR
WHICH THEY TOILED SO MUCH
AND MADE SO MANY
SACRIFICES.



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INTRODUCTION.

IN giving to the public this short history of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Armagh, the writer has no motive in view but the one—to perpetuate and rescue from oblivion the names of prelates, and priests, and laymen who have undertaken and assisted to erect in the Primatial city of Armagh—St. Patrick's own See—a temple worthy of the old faith, of our National Apostle, of St. Malachy and the martyred Plunket, and of the ancient glory of the "Island of Saints."

The arduousness of the undertaking, and the dimensions of the work, proclaim at once the mind and energy of the man who conceived the idea, and laboured to carry it out, despite the utilitarian principles of some who would

rest satisfied with an unpretending chapel in some obscure corner.

But now that the work is finished, and the most spacious and beautiful cathedral in Ireland crowns the summit of one of the most beautiful hills in Ulster, and overlooks the old city where Patrick preached and Brian* sleeps, the traveller and stranger, as they pass the way, must stand in reverent admiration as they gaze on its noble proportions, and bless the memories and pray for the souls of those who were mainly instrumental in perfecting the great work. Forty years and four Primates have passed away since the cathedral was commenced, and during that period the pioneers of the undertaking have all crossed "that bourne whence there is no return," and a new generation may be said to occupy their places and enjoy the fruits of their self-sacrificing labours.

In another generation many who are now conversant with the facts herein detailed "shall have vanished in the gloom," and doubt and uncertainty as to characters and dates may

* Brian Boromhe is buried in Armagh.

attribute to some what is the proud inheritance of others. To obviate such a possible contingency is the purport of this little volume. And here, before entering upon the details of the history of the cathedral, it may not be out of place to take into account the condition of the country in general, and of Ulster in particular, at the period of which we write. It is true that we enjoyed the great boon of emancipation as it was "*then*" considered to be. Catholics were admissible to Parliament, to the bench, and to various other municipal privileges. But there was one condition *essential* to qualify them for promotion or office under any government, whether Whig or Tory, and *that* was, the abandonment of the masses of their countrymen in every political movement for the redress of grievances under which they laboured.

Unfortunately the same qualification is rigidly exacted and insisted upon to-day, and scrupulously observed by every government official from the highest to the lowest and meanest. At that time one of the most powerful and constitutional agitations that ever moved a country was created and inspired by the great O'Connell. The people, to a man, joined the

Liberator in demanding Repeal of the Union, and several magistrates, some of whom are still living, took part in the movement. But with what result? They were deprived of the commission of the peace, and the administration "*of justice*" entrusted to a class of men, as is generally the case to-day, who had no sympathy with the people. But in Ulster matters were in a still more deplorable condition. There were no Catholics or patriotic Protestants, with the exception of one or two Protestants, to be deprived of the commission of the peace, and the Orangemen in many localities had determined to prevent their Catholic fellow-countrymen from enjoying the little freedom which Emancipation had given them.

The fell spirit that possessed them in 1796, and of which Lord Gosford complains to the magistracy of county Armagh, was not yet exorcised, and they would willingly send to *Hell*, or *Connaught*, their unoffending Catholic neighbours, were it not for their brave hearts and strong arms.*

* Lord Gosford says in his address to the magistracy of county Armagh :—" A persecution accompanied with all the circumstances of ferocious cruelty then raged in the

In the early days of the cathedral rumours and fears were entertained and circulated that both *it* and the seminary hard by would be razed to the ground and given to the flames. Nor were these fears groundless. As the subterranean rumblings of a volcano indicate the advent of the eruption, be it smoke, or lava, or flame, so the nightly rumbling of armed banditti, at the time, spread fear and consternation amongst an unarmed and inoffensive population that had witnessed, a short time previous, fourteen Catholic houses in the parish of Armagh burned to the ground on the same night, by the descendants of the men of whom Lord Gosford speaks.

With the exception, however, of a few gun shots and some stone-throwing, both seminary

country. Neither age nor sex, nor even acknowledged innocence, could excite mercy. The only crime with which the wretched objects were charged was the profession of the Roman Catholic faith. A lawless banditti constituted themselves judges of this new delinquency, and the sentence they pronounced was equally concise and terrible; nothing less than the confiscation of property and immediate banishment."

and cathedral have outlived the storm, and are looked upon to-day by the well-disposed of every religious persuasion as an ornament and a credit to the City of the Primates. These matters are mentioned, not for the purpose of keeping alive animosity or religious strife, which, thank God, are giving place to a more Christian civilisation, but to show the indomitable courage and large-heartedness of Primate Croll, as he was fondly called, in undertaking such a great work, and his faith in its accomplishment, which only ended in death.

On the day of the dedication of the cathedral a few old friends, who had not seen each other for years, chanced to meet at the ceremony, and, of course, the meeting was a joyous one, as in all probability the same parties never would have seen each other on this side the grave but for the occasion we speak of. "What a change," says one of the party, "since we used to leap and play football on the very spot where we are now assembled." "Yes," said another, "and it is and should be doubly dear and sacred to us who have survived to witness this glorious day." "To write the history of the

cathedral," said a third, "would be a noble undertaking," and *all* expressed a hope that some competent person would volunteer to undertake the work, and give its history from the very beginning. A few years have passed since then, and still the history of the cathedral has not been commenced.

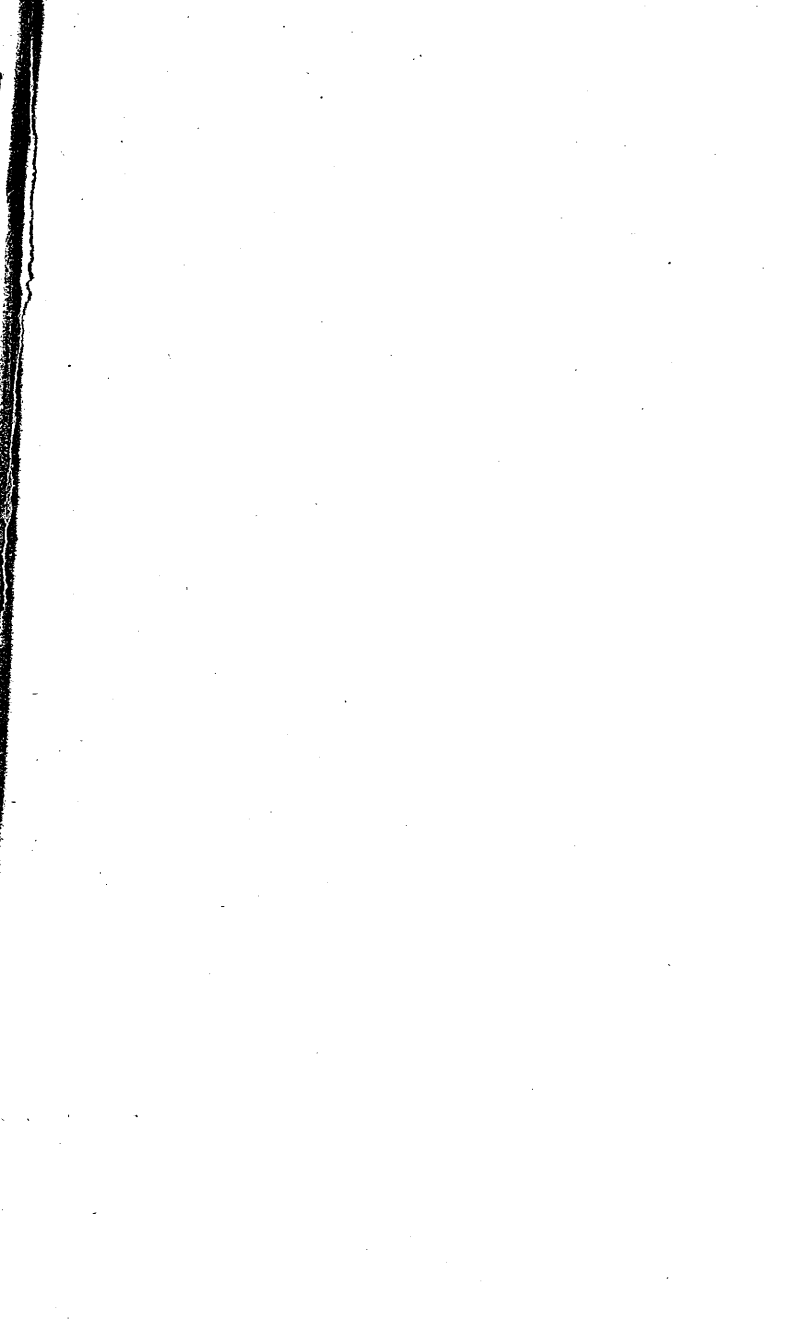
In compliance with the repeated request of many old friends this notice has been given to the public, with the full consciousness of the writer's inability to do justice to a subject which, in other hands, could be made readable and instructive. Nevertheless, the writer expresses a hope that the reader or critic in detecting his errors will not overlook the difficulty of avoiding them, but will, on the contrary, feel rather abashed—that, whilst he was able to criticise and condemn another, he withheld, from the public and the friends of the cathedral, the benefits which are sure to flow from the exercise of well-directed genius and experience.

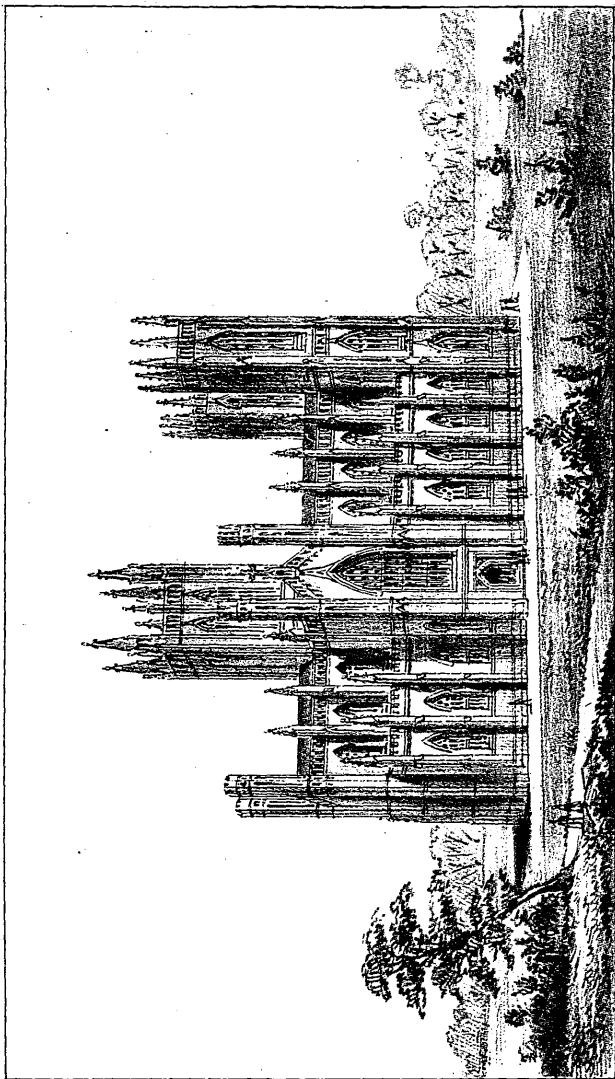
It is now more than a year since this notice of the cathedral was ready for the press. Owing to the dulness of the times and the consequent

depression of the people, the writer hesitated whether it should be published or not. By the advice and encouragement of a few friends this reluctance has been overcome, and the history of the erection of the Armagh Cathedral given to the public for what it is worth.



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THE CATHEDRAL AS ORIGINALLY DESIGNED BY MR. DUFF, ARCHITECT. NEWRY

MOST REV. DR. CROLLY.

N the death of the Most Rev. Dr. Kelly in 1835, Dr. Crollly was translated from Down and Connor, his native diocese, to the Primacy of Armagh. To his new and important charge, as head of the Irish Episcopate and Archbishop of Armagh, he brought with him all that energy and zeal which characterized his mission in Belfast as bishop for the previous ten years. To speak of his labour in that portion of his Master's vineyard as parish priest and bishop would be foreign to our present purpose. Suffice it to say, that the number of churches and schools (including a diocesan seminary) and charitable and pious institutions which he erected, was in keeping with the spread of Catholicity in Belfast by the conversion of many families, both rich and poor, to the faith, and all this, under God, owing to his indefatigable labour.

On his translation to the Archdiocese, Primate Crolly determined to fix his residence at Armagh, and occasionally at Drogheda. This determination delighted the Catholic inhabitants of Armagh and surrounding country, whilst some few low bigots (and I rejoice to be able to say they were few) imagined that the "*inquisition, and wooden shoes, and brass money*" would accompany His Grace, and deform the face of their fair city. The reason the Catholics rejoiced at the residence of their primate amongst them was the very cause of the alarm and chagrin that seemed to possess the disreputable bigots to whom I allude. For nearly 300 years, since the reign of Queen Mary, no Catholic bishop ever lived at Armagh. Primate Dowdall, who lived in that reign, was the last archbishop who made Armagh his home. Not only were the primates forbidden to reside there, but they dared not, on their visitations to northern parts of the diocese, approach within three miles of the sacred city. Hence the exultation of the downtrodden Catholics, that after nearly 300 years of confiscations, and penal laws, and death, the successor of St. Patrick could stand erect in the broad noonday, and publicly

+ It is worthy of remark that when the Crolly
 first came to Armagh, the Catholics were so poor and
 who needed no respect. But in his time the
 Bishop lived in pomp and style.

offer up the same sacrifice, and administer the same sacraments "*in the same place*" which his sainted predecessor had selected for his own see, which was thereby raised to the dignity of the Primacy. And, *hence, too*, the dissatisfaction of a wretched class of Puritans, whose only gospel for their Catholic fellow-countrymen, was fire and sword and extermination. "How," said they, "can two Primates co-exist in the same city?" *One*, a mere titular archbishop appointed by the Pope, a foreign potentate, and the other by Her Gracious Majesty the Queen, and by Act of Parliament, with his rich livings, his beautiful palaces, his princely equipages, and his unbounded wealth. But the disestablishment of the Church has since brought about an equality between rival churches that did not exist at that time, whilst a wonderful resurrection, after so many centuries of death, has taken place through the land, and the Catholic Church gives promise to-day, that having conquered death, like her Divine Founder, she will die no more. As Dr. Crolly was eminently a practical man, and a man of energy and action, his first care, after his arrival, was to procure a good site

whereon to erect a ⁺seminary for the training and education of young men destined for the priesthood, and to supply a good intermediate school so much needed by the Catholic laity of the archdiocese. This accomplished, the next and greatest ambition of his life was to build a cathedral which, in its majestic proportions, would frown down upon the various conventicles, as he used to say, that represented the different shades of Protestant opinion in the city beneath; and to crown the work he hoped to live to see a convent erected near the cathedral for the education of poor children of the town.

Such was the dream and ambition of his active and holy life. As Primate Crolly always maintained and cultivated a friendly intercourse with the respectable and educated class of his "separated brethren," as he used to style them, he succeeded in procuring, from Lord Cremorne, and Counsellor Robinson of Armagh, the present Cathedral Hill—then called Sandy Hill—and, on the 17th of March, 1840, the first stone of St. Patrick's cathedral was laid by His Grace, in presence of a vast assemblage of priests and laymen from the surrounding parishes, from different parts of the archdiocese, and from the

*He, it was, who also erected the
Seminary of St. Charles in Belfast*
B.C.B.

neighbouring dioceses of Down and Connor, Dromore, and Clogher. It would be difficult at this distance to give anything like a fair idea of the proceedings of *that* day, *when*, for the first time, after centuries of unparalleled and unheard-of persecutions, the Catholic Primate, in the midst of his faithful flock, proclaimed to the world that their faith was indestructible, and, like the shamrock, which typified it, the more it was trodden underfoot the fresher and greener it grew, and the more it multiplied, till at length it covered the whole island. The mighty multitude then present was evidence enough of this truism, and the fine day encouraged young and old to make a pilgrimage to the hill. Every road leading to the city presented a living and continuous stream of human beings, all gravitating to the same point.

But by far the largest and most orderly contingent was that which entered the town by Irish-street, and comprised several parishes who met, whether by design or accident, some distance outside the city, and blended together in one harmonious whole. On their arrival, the whole hill was covered, and every man, woman, and child wore the "*dear little, green little*

shamrock of Ireland ;" for it was Patrick's day, and 'twas "*Patrick himself sure that set it.*"

At the appointed hour a procession was formed in the seminary, and, preceded by a cross-bearer and two acolytes, the students walked two-by-two, followed by the clergy in like order, and last of all His Grace the Primate in full pontificals. After the procession had gone round the foundations, and recited the prayers prescribed by the ritual for such occasions, it stopped at the corner of one of the great towers looking to the south, and next to the graveyard, and there a huge block of stone, suspended by a windlass, was lowered to its allotted place, whilst the ring of the massive silver trowel, presented to his grace by the committee, announced to the mighty multitude that the first stone of St. Patrick's Cathedral had been laid. Before, however, the mason work commenced, the foundations had to be dug much deeper, and in no other part so deep as the very spot where the stone was laid, as may be seen by the vault underneath.

The vast concourse of people left the hill slowly and orderly, and in due course the town resumed its wonted quiet. Subsequently His Grace, with

his princely hospitality for which he was proverbial, gave a banquet on a large and magnificent scale to all the clergy, to the cathedral committee, and to a large number of lay gentlemen, including Mr. Leonard Dobbin, M.P. for the borough, and Mr. Duff, architect, Newry. At that time the archdiocese could boast of a number of priests who, intellectually, physically, and morally, would reflect credit on any community or profession. Giants in mind and in body, they seemed to be equal to the age in which they lived, and which required of them energy and determination to restore the ancient glories of the Irish Church in the erection of schools, colleges, and churches. And right nobly did they set about their work. To some of us, at the present time with our narrow views and self-importance, *their* labours and self-sacrifice seem of but little account; and, because we have got very little to do in the *material* regeneration of our *once* glorious church, we fold our arms and criticise rather severely the motives and the actions of those who have gone before, and who have substituted for the hedge-school the spacious and comfortable school by the highway, the handsome parish church for the dingy old chapel in

the back lane or the wooden altar of the mass-garden, and the noble cathedral, like a "*light upon a hill*," for the comfortable but unarchitectural old church hallowed by so many sacred memories.

But a generous and well-regulated mind can afford to give "honour where honour is due," without fearing that, by recognising merit in others, it *thereby* detracts from its own. In Primate Croll there was no selfishness or narrow-minded jealousy. His great study was to make everyone happy, and he was fond of proposing toasts (and said to be, by a great man, the best extempore or after dinner-speaker in Ireland). When the cloth had been removed, and grace said, after some preliminary observations, he gave the charter toast of the evening—civil and religious liberty, coupled with the name of Father Caraher, P.P., Lower Creggan. The sentiment was enthusiastically received, as it always has been in every assemblage of educated and free men. But when Father Caraher stood up to respond, the applause that greeted him showed what the company felt, that the *right* man was in the right place. The theme was a noble one, and the speech a masterpiece of eloquence. Those who had heard and

admired him on other great occasions, declared this to be the happiest effort of his life, although he had only been apprised, a few hours previously, that he should speak to the toast.

His handsome and commanding person added a charm and dignity to his language, which a less polished manner, though equally forcible style, would fail to produce, and drew from Mr. Dobbin the public acknowledgment, "that he had heard many eloquent speeches in the House of Commons, but that it never had been his good fortune, before that day, to listen to so gifted and eloquent an orator."

This opinion was shared in by all creeds and classes, as appears from a well-authenticated story just to hand.

Soon after these occurrences, Father Caraher was engaged in building the present chapel of N. T. Hamilton, and was obliged to solicit subscriptions beyond the limits of his own parish. He applied to his old friend, Dr. Denvir, then Bishop of Down and Connor, to "collect" in Belfast. His Lordship at once acceded to the request, and allowed him to preach in St. Patrick's, Donegal-street, by way of introduction to the charity of the faithful.

Father Caraher did so. But the sermon had a double effect. In addition to a large sum of money received, the sermon had such an "influence" on the people, that a deputation of the most respectable parishioners waited on Dr. Denvir, *modestly* requesting him to remove to Downpatrick, where all his predecessors, except Dr. Crolly, had lived, and to appoint Father Caraher, P.P. of Belfast.

Even at this distance I can imagine the reception given by Dr. Denvir to the deputation, and should not ambition the "*distinction*" of being a member of it. What I have stated of Father Caraher might be fairly said of many of his contemporaries in the archdiocese, whose names I pass over at present.

And *now* that Primate Crolly has put his hand to the plough, he must not look back. The more difficult the undertaking, and the greater the sacrifice it entailed, both mentally and physically, the more willingly and cheerfully did he set about the work, and the more sanguine was he of its accomplishment. The maxim of the old Pagan philosopher and poet, *possunt quia posse videntur*, seemed to give additional energy to a mind that knew neither

despondency nor defeat, but looked upon every difficulty as easily overcome by strenuous exertion, and, what to him was more, the protection and blessing of heaven. A committee was forthwith formed, and a treasurer and secretary appointed.* In the neighbourhood of the city, close to what is now called the Navan ring (formerly *Emania*, the site of the king's palace), a quarry of limestone was opened, which, together with one of freestone in the neighbourhood of Dungannon for the pillars and arches of the interior, supplied the most beautiful and durable materials to be found, perhaps, in any part of Ireland.

In carrying out the truth of the old proverb, "What is well begun is half ended," Primate Croll commenced the cathedral in earnest,

* I give the names of the original committee, all of whom are dead, with the exception of Mr. M'Cann and Dr. Savage:—Messrs. James Bennet, sen.; Hugh Treaner, James Bennet, jun.; James Rickard, James Close, Philip Keenan, John Carvill, Francis M'Kee, Henry Savage, Patrick Gribben, John Vally, Thomas M'Cann, Joshua M. Magee, sol.; John Savage, M.D.; Charles Connolly, Thomas Kieran, Arthur Conroy, James Morgan, John Corry, Thomas Fitzpatrick, Daniel M'Keown, and Patrick Devlin.

laid its foundations deep, and wide, and solid, and committed to Providence, which regulates all things sweetly, the building of the house—*“for unless the Lord build the house, he labours in vain who builds it.”* Being a practical and hard-working man, he knew that Providence assists only those who courageously and lawfully endeavour to succeed, and, therefore, he takes upon his own shoulders the most difficult and disagreeable task of raising funds to carry on the work. Before leaving home, and appealing to the liberality of strangers, he organized a parochial collection throughout his extensive diocese, and from the Boyne to Derry a laudable rivalry got up between the different parishes, and all contributed most liberally to mark the esteem and reverence in which they held their dear, good Prelate, and encourage him to prosecute the arduous undertaking in which they knew his heart and soul were centred. These parochial collections were frequent, yet both clergy and laity never complained, although but a short time before they contributed with equal liberality to the erection of the diocesan seminary. Although the Primate sent out a few priests to “collect,” still he considered,

and rightly, that he himself was the person on whom devolved the labour and the responsibility, and accordingly, he visited the principal towns of the kingdom, from Belfast to Cork. He travelled from diocese to diocese, from one conference of the clergy to another, applying as he went along to the laity, to the priests, and to the bishops, sometimes under disagreeable circumstances enough, but always with a success which is sure to follow from earnestness and perseverance. To a cheerful disposition he added a large fund of wit, and never was at a loss for a story to illustrate what he wished to convey. His natural vivacity and keen sense of the ridiculous, although cautious never to give pain or offence to others, seemed to sustain and amuse him, so that the toil of his mission lay but lightly on a disposition so buoyant and active. He was always employed at something connected with the cathedral; when he was not working he was busy mending his nets. On one occasion he visited a neighbouring town not far from Armagh, for the purpose of procuring timber for scaffolding purposes; and as he generally kept a few good saddle horses, and was passionately fond of

horse exercise, he and one of his curates, well mounted, reached their destination in due course. When they arrived at the place they found that the parish priest was officiating at the funeral of a respectable young lady in the chapel, and the Primate, as was his custom, wished to pay a visit to the good parish priest, and also to pay an offering at the funeral. In many parts of Ulster the officiating clergyman preaches or gives a lecture on occasions of the kind, and *then* collects the "offerings" of the relatives or friends of the deceased. The Primate, "*fortunately*," was in time for both the sermon and offering.

The preacher, on all occasions rather diffuse, was particularly so on the present, and added ANOTHER POINT to his discourse in compliment, I presume, to His Grace's visit. As Dr. Crolly had a pressing engagement at Armagh at a certain hour on that day, he felt ill at ease at the delay occasioned by the length and number of "the points." However, the sermon finished and the offering paid, he mounted his horse and started at a rapid pace to pull up for lost time. On arriving at a steep hill he slackened his pace, and the curate had time to

ask: "My Lord, what did you think of the sermon?" After a short pause, he replied: "Well, sir, in my native parish, Ballykilbeg, near Downpatrick, before I went to college, there lived a respectable Presbyterian farmer, a kind, generous, good fellow, who was in the habit of paying '*offerings*' at the funerals of all his Catholic neighbours. He was very popular, and was generally asked to breakfast with the priest after Mass—an honour which he esteemed highly, not so much on account of the breakfast as on account of the society of the parish priest, whom he loved, and the good cheer which in the good old times accompanied the breakfast. On one occasion, at the funeral of a parishioner, the parish priest was proceeding to give a lengthened discourse, and divided his sermon into several heads. At the conclusion of the first point his reverence was about entering upon the second, when his Presbyterian friend spoke out and asked him to be satisfied with one point to-day. This remark disconcerted the priest, and the sermon was cut short. At breakfast, afterwards, the conversation turned on the sermon and the '*cruelty*' of making it too long, especially as some parties were thirsty

and fond of a little drop, which could not be had till all the ceremonies were finished. Whilst the priest was at breakfast, his Presbyterian friend got his thirst allayed, and took the liberty of saying to the priest: 'You know, your reverence, that I pay more 'offerings' than any of your own 'hearers,' but, *by this and by that*, if you ever make more than *one point* in your discourse, I'll never pay you a penny.'" So saying, the Primate put spurs to his horse and left the curate to infer what *his* opinion of the sermon was.

Wherever the Primate went, whether to a conference of his clergy, or to administer the sacrament of confirmation in the different parishes of his diocese, one thought was always uppermost in his mind, and that was to raise funds for the cathedral. He was the centre and soul of his priests, as humble as the least of them, and still he was every inch a Primate. As his fund of anecdotes and stories was inexhaustible, he was always ready to amuse and instruct; and just when he had wound up his audience to the proper pitch, and had them convulsed by the recital of some strange story, he would *then* introduce the cathedral and the

necessity for another diocesan collection. He was always successful. One story he used to frequently tell of a priest who was well-known throughout the archdiocese, and would laugh at it till the tears would stream down his cheeks. This priest was a man of herculean strength, not much beyond the average height, but in build and muscle and courage far beyond the ordinary man. His features were regular and handsome, as if chiselled from a piece of marble by an artist; and, although not doing missionary duty, he was scrupulously exact in reading his office, in saying Mass, and in avoiding any unbecoming or uncharitable expression, except when driven to bay by some real or imaginary enemy, and *then* he was fierce and desperate. Intellectually as well as physically he was, in his day, a good type of the priest of the old school, and knew the Latin classics so well that he could quote Virgil and Horace, and other Latin authors, almost from cover to cover; the Greek Testament, and some of the dialogues of Lucian, comprised his course in Greek, whilst in theology, both moral and dogmatic, he was fairly passable. He was a favourite with the Primate,

the priests, and the people, and deservedly so.

On his way home to his lodgings, at an early period of his life, he was obliged to pass by a house where a very mischievous *he* goat kept sentinel night and day. During the night he was particularly annoying to the passers-by, and, as he lay on the roadside opposite the house, nothing could escape his vigilance. It frequently happened that Father —— was obliged to pass the road at late hours, and was always compelled to defend himself as best he could against the attacks of the goat. These attacks became so frequent and intolerable that the priest determined to put an end to them. On a certain beautiful summer's night, warm and bright, Father —— was returning home as usual, when the goat made a furious onslaught on him. "Now or never," said the priest, and he caught the goat by one of the horns and dragged him to the margin of Lough C——, that skirted the road a short distance from the place, and there, whilst he kept a firm hold of master "hircus" with one hand, he denuded himself of his clothes with the other, and struck out for an island in the centre of

the lough, hauling with him the incorrigible and merciless captive. The perils of that voyage were great, yet, notwithstanding the distance—nearly three-quarters of a mile—and the desperate resistance of the goat, Father ——— landed him safely on the island, and bade him good-night in his new abode. In a short time the good father regained the shore and returned home rejoicing. Next morning the wailings and cries of the goat were pitiable in the extreme, and the cry became more plaintive and unearthly, owing to its distance and the mellow influence of the water. Many and strange were the surmises regarding it, and for a few days all the neighbourhood imagined that the fairies had taken possession again of their little island, which they had abandoned for a home on the top of a neighbouring mountain, where their queen reigned in a subterranean palace beside another lough. In a short time the goat was missed and could not be found. Some parties said the cry was not unlike that of a goat; but, *then*, what could bring it to the island? Some supernatural agency must have been at work, in any case; but few were inclined to interfere in the matter,

lest they should incur the displeasure of the "*good folk*," as the fairies used to be called. At length two young men, more courageous than their neighbours, procured a boat, went out to the island and found the "identical goat," completely subdued, and as harmless, but not so playful, as a kid. They brought him home and restored him to his master.

The history of the goat remained a secret for years. No one knew anything about it, and therefore the secret was kept. By what means the Primate found it out is not known. His Grace told the story for the first time in presence of a large number of his priests, and asked Father ———, who was one of the company, was it true. In reply Father ——— declared it was perfectly true, except that it was "by the beard he pulled him, as by the horns he found the goat too strong, and had to change the horn for the beard." The Primate took delight in telling the story of the goat and Father ———, for whom he entertained a kindly feeling, and never shut his eyes to his wants as long as he lived. In the meantime, the cathedral was progressing rapidly. Every day brought in fresh supplies of money and materials, and the hill

resounded with the song, and laugh, and merry jest of stonecutter, and mason, and labourer, as from day to day they toiled at their grateful work, and forgot their own cares and fatigues in the hope of soon seeing the cathedral finished.

As His Grace was pre-eminently a man of work and active habits of life, he never complained of fatigue or over-work. He was always cheerful and happy, and never more so than when employed in some arduous undertaking connected with the ecclesiastical or educational wants of his diocese. But his supreme delight and enjoyment was to be found in the society of his own priests at conferences and confirmation parties, which were frequent, and limited only by the extent of the archdiocese, comprising nearly the entire of the counties of Louth and Armagh, a large portion of Tyrone, and part of county Derry. Perhaps no bishop in Ireland possessed a more thorough knowledge of "*men and manners*," or had a larger stock of anecdote and personal adventure than Dr. Crolly. The manners and habits of priests and people, both in Down and Connor and Armagh, were not the same in *his time* as they

are now, and the churches and residences of the priests were such as might be expected from a people just after surviving the rigours of the penal laws. As an illustration, I am tempted to recount one of his adventures, on his confirmation tour, in a wild and mountainous district of the diocese. On the day previous to the memorable one of which I speak, His Grace administered the sacrament of confirmation in a neighbouring parish, and had arranged with the parish priest of —— to meet him at ten o'clock the next morning at a certain cross-roads, and guide him the direct way to the chapel. At the appointed hour the next morning His Grace arrived at the place; but as he was unacquainted with the locality, and the houses in the neighbourhood "were few and far between," and neither the pastor nor anyone for him put in an appearance, he took the wrong road, which put him about some three or four miles. The morning was extremely stormy and wet, such as is sometimes experienced in the early part of October. The rain was driven in waves along the valley, and impelled by a merciless south wind, to which a neighbouring mountain, with its night-

cap of gray clouds, lent an additional fury. The road was narrow, and rough, and precipitous, with a deep trench on either side, so that the least stumble or upset would be of serious consequence. On such roads Dr. Crolly always took his gig and drove himself, as he would not trust the reins to his servant, and the servant was powerless to protect his master, on this occasion, from the rain, as no umbrella could live in the tempest. Thoroughly drenched and cold, he reached the chapel, where the children and a few of the neighbouring priests awaited him, and forthwith he commenced the ceremony of confirmation in pity for the poor children who had been so long waiting, and were also drenched and cold. In this he had no choice, for there was no sacristy or fire where he could dry or warm himself, and the good parish priest's house was at a considerable distance. Of course it would be too much to expect, under such exceptional circumstances, that the Primate's equanimity would be altogether undisturbed. However, he bore up amazingly, to the great surprise of the priests present, and, in all probability, would have allowed the occasion to pass over

without administering a rebuff to the pastor but for one untoward circumstance: to make amends for his negligence in the morning, and show his respect for his superior, the parish priest should be the assistant priest and attend the Primate himself.

Matters went on smoothly and quietly up to a certain part of the ceremony, when the assistant priest puts the mitre on the bishop's head and gives the crozier into his hands. Not being an expert at ceremonies, our hero put the back part of the mitre in front, which caused Dr. Crolly considerable annoyance, and covered his eyes with the lapells that hung over his face. But patience has its limits, and endurance could bear no more. The services of the chaplain were dispensed with in a tone and manner which showed that but for the solemn occasion there would have been a sharp reprimand administered to the good pastor. In a short time the confirmation was over, and His Grace resumed his usual good humour, which was enhanced by the unexpectedly good answering of the children in the Catechism and Christian doctrine. All the morning's unpleasantness would *now* have been forgotten,

"*but misfortunes they never come singly, they say,*" and His Grace had only got through the religious part; the convivial portion of the day was before him, and it, *too*, had its episodes. Being cold and wet, he hurried as quickly as possible to the priest's house, where he expected to find a good fire and get himself warmed. On entering the parlour, as dark as midnight with a dense smoke, he found the housekeeper kneeling on one knee and blowing a fire of bog fir and hard mountain turf with an old bellows, which only added to the smoke, already suffocating and unbearable. An occasional gleam of fire would shoot out and partially light up the room, revealing the anxious and careworn features of the poor old housekeeper, who still plied the bellows, and giving the appearance of *spectres* to those in the background. Every part of the house was equally uncomfortable. The smoke was supreme and everywhere—in the hall, the pantry, the bedrooms, and the kitchen. It was hoped that the outoffices would supply a place where, at least, His Grace and clergy would be beyond the sickening smoke. But the yard presented a repulsive aspect, as every place was littered

with wet straw, which only served to hide its filth. In one corner was a stagnant pool of water in which a brood of hard-drinking young ducks made riotous noise over their liquor; under an old cart a number of half-drowned fowls had taken shelter, among which was a poor crestfallen cock, with his drooping tail matted, as it were, into a single feather; near the cart stood a black cow, chewing her cud, whilst a cloud of vapour arose from her reeking hide; out of the stable window a white-eyed horse poked his head, and seemed to enjoy the scene; an unhappy cur, with a large broken pot for a dog-house, uttered now and then a pitiful yelp, as a drab of a kitchen girl tramped backwards and forwards through the yard, looking as stormy as the weather itself.

There was no relief, therefore, to be found outside, and no alternative but the shelter of the house. On re-entering the parlour, the fire was blazing and the smoke somewhat abated, when, all of a sudden, a round ball of flame fell on the fire and rolled into the middle of the floor. The primate involuntarily exclaimed, "I trust the house is about being burned," and enjoyed the occurrence immensely.

The smoke now found its way up the chimney that had been stuffed during the summer with a wad of straw, which the housekeeper forgot to remove before she lighted the fire. The smoke gradually cleared off, and the whole house assumed a brighter and warmer appearance. In the evening the host entertained His Grace and a large party at dinner, and did all in his power to make amends for the mishaps of the day. The primate, who never allowed the sun to set on his ire, enjoyed the day's proceedings more than anyone present; and after a few songs, in alternate verses of English and Irish, characteristically rendered by a venerable old priest, he bade good-night to the company, and blessed his host, remarking at the same time how rejoiced he was that the house was not burned.

Yet, notwithstanding his indomitable perseverance and courage, various circumstances conspired, as it were, and paralysed, and, for a time, broke down a mind and a will that no personal difficulty could change or bend. Although Dr. Crolly seemed to be a man of stern mould, his heart was sympathetic and tender, and bled for every manner of distress

that befell his fellow-man. With St. Paul, he could truly say, "*quis infirmatur et ego non infirmor*"—"is there any of my people in sickness or in want for whom I do not feel as a kind father?" No wonder, then, that the famine year, as it was called, in addition to cutting off the cathedral supplies, inflicted a deep wound on a heart so compassionate and tender. But what added an additional hideousness to the scene was that the famine was mainly artificial, and that the people died of starvation in the midst of plenty. This was too much for Primate Croll to bear with equanimity; for, deeply as he regretted being obliged to discontinue the work on which his heart was set, he lamented still more the appalling spectacle of a nation in the agony of starvation and death. With this consideration we have nothing to do at present, except inasmuch as the "*famine year*" was the first and principal obstacle to the progress of the cathedral. However, we hope our readers will pardon a short digression which "*points a moral*" and tells a tale that will live in history till time shall be no more. From the day on which the first stone of the cathedral was laid till the year of

which we speak, the work had gone gloriously on, and funds were forthcoming not only from the archdiocese, but from various other dioceses throughout Ireland. All of a sudden the stream of a nation's charity had taken another and a holier direction, and yet it was quite inadequate to rescue from famine and pestilence a virtuous and starving peasantry.

“Famine and Pestilence, her first-born son,
Attend to finish what the sword begun.”

And, in consequence, we find an exodus of the bone and sinew of the country, from the home of their birth and affections, unparalleled in the annals of ancient or modern times. To this wholesale emigration, if we add the victims of pestilence and starvation at home, language must fail to paint the picture; and we are obliged to borrow from the hellish and exultant inhumanity of the *Times*, the great organ of English public opinion, “*that the Irish are gone with a vengeance.*” And still we were allowed to starve amidst plenty! It is an admitted fact that the quantity of food in the country during what may be called the “starvation” year was more than sufficient to feed

twice the population, and still it was allowed to be exported by a "paternal government" to enrich the wealthy, to make "*the rent*" for a class of rack-renting and exterminating landlords, and above all, to starve to death an unfortunate but heroic class of "*mere Irish*," whom a wise Providence left dependent on the precarious supply of the potato.

The tardy and grudging action of the Government of that day to alleviate the distress more than justifies the accusation so often made against it, and accounts for the exultation of a portion of the English press at the *bare idea* of the extinction of the Irish race and religion. The government of a country, we are bold to assert, owes to the community which it governs many obligations analogous to that by which a father is bound to his family. The first duty of a father is to provide food for his family. This duty the law of God, the natural law, and even the law of the land, insist upon, and the parent who neglects it thereby forfeits the corresponding duties which his children owe him. The State to the community stands in the relation of a parent, and is bound in years of scarcity

to provide for the necessities of her subjects. If this paramount and first duty be overlooked, and the people allowed to starve, *then* the very natural principles on which their obedience and loyalty are based cease to bind them, and they stand in the same relation to their rulers that a child does to an unnatural parent who mocks and is deaf to its wail of hunger, whilst he himself is gorged and bloated with the fat of the land. The cry of our distress reached the limits of the civilised world notwithstanding the callousness and indifference of our rulers, and what should have been supplied in time to save the lives of thousands, was cheerfully and generously sent us from America, France, Italy, Austria, and Spain, even from the Grand Turk,* and helped to keep

* To-day, as in '47, the Irish nation is kept from starvation not by a "*paternal government*," but by the alms of the civilized world. The only name I miss from the list of our benefactors is that of the Sultan, whose troubles at home are more than sufficient to engross all his charity and sympathy for us. His predecessor, in the former famine, evinced a deeper feeling for our distress than did Her Gracious Majesty, and would have sent us a donation of £10,000 but that "good taste" and *courtly etiquette* restrained him from contributing a larger sum than the Queen. In 1847,

at home a remnant of our people, assuming, to-day, the attitude of a nation stretching forth its arms in friendship and gratitude to a still greater Irish nation beyond the Atlantic, which England "*unconsciously*" planted there with a "vengeance." In addition to the prostrate condition of the country at the time we write, political and vexed questions turned up and alienated, to a great extent, the sympathy and support of the people from the primate and the cathedral. The Charitable Bequests

this report was widely circulated and believed. It is now fully confirmed in D'Arcy Magee's "History of the Irish Settlers in North America," where he says: "The Czar, the Sultan, and the Pope sent their rubies and their pearls. The Pacha of Egypt, the Shah of Persia, the Emperor of China, and the Rajahs of India combined to do for Ireland what her so-styled rulers refused to do—to keep her young and old people living in the land. America did more in this work of mercy than all the rest of the world." How history repeats itself in the callous indifference of our rulers, from Her Gracious Majesty down to Jemmy Lowther. Contrast with that cold indifference of her Majesty towards the sad condition of her Irish subjects, the conduct of the tender-hearted and noble-minded Empress of Austria, who, last year, left our shores and bade adieu to her favourite sports to console by her presence and her purse the sufferers from the inundations at Pesth.

Act had just come into operation, and His Grace held the office of Commissioner under it. Whatever may have been the merits or defects of the measure, one thing is certain, that a howl of indignation arose throughout the length and breadth of the land against the Primate and his ecclesiastical associates who approved of it, and public meetings were convened in different parts of the kingdom denouncing the Bill, and passing resolutions condemnatory of the ecclesiastical and lay Catholic Commissioners,

At that time O'Connell was not only the "uncrowned monarch of Ireland," he was *also* dictator. He and several dignitaries of the Church, whose patriotism has never "*yet*" been called into question, denounced the Act, its evil imports, and its supporters. This condemnation spread over the country with the rapidity of lightning, and found expression in the meetings and resolutions already referred to. Throughout the archdiocese, and that of Down and Connor, these meetings assumed a very violent and offensive tone, and threatened to withhold all pecuniary support from their respective bishops, unless they forthwith es-

chewed all connection with the Bill and the Government. But neither the primate nor Dr. Denvir could be deterred, by vulgar clamours, from pursuing a course which seemed to be perfectly lawful, and of which their consciences approved.

On this very subject the Rev. George Crolly, in his life of his uncle, the primate, says:—“When, however, he was commanded to resign the commissionership, not by legitimate authority, but by violence and clamour, he declared that whilst he was ready to show the most complete and prompt obedience to his lawful superiors, he would rather trample his mitre in the gutter and retire into a convent than surrender the liberty and prostitute the dignity of his office to what he conceived to be an insolent and unwarrantable attempt at dictation.”

With O'Connell, too, he was at variance regarding the great question of repeal, which then eclipsed all others, as the sun does all minor constellations, and he had the manhood and *honesty* to maintain his convictions, even at the risk of his own popularity and interest, in opposition to an agitation that combined the

eloquence and patriotism of the nation. No difficulties, as has been already stated, could deter Primate Crolly from prosecuting whatever work he had undertaken; and as the effects of the famine year were disappearing, and a brighter day beginning to dawn, he girt on his armour to recommence the cathedral, and do battle for the glory of the old faith and the See of St. Patrick. His sincerity and single mindedness, his unselfishness and thorough devotion to the cause he had at heart, and his honesty and perseverance in working it out in face of every obstacle, all combined to disarm prejudice and political antipathy, and bring prominently before the world the traits of a character whose beauty would not have been so much admired but for the passing cloud which, for a time, seemed to obscure its lustre.

At this distance we can, calmly and dispassionately, admire the ennobling qualities of his head and heart, and value them the more, because they are found to be so rare in the present generation. The following letter, for which we are indebted to a kind clerical friend, addressed by His Grace to the late parish priest of Collon, is a valuable contribution to our present notice,

and proof of the all-absorbing interest which he took in completing the cathedral. It shows, too, the business habits of the man, and his anxiety to economise, as much as possible, in the expenditure necessary for carrying on the work. It appears from the letter that some previous correspondence had taken place on the matter, and that the primate did not thoroughly understand the proposal of Mr. Short, Lord Massarene's steward.

The letter, which was written some three months before His Grace's death, is as follows:—

“*Drogheda, 3rd December, 1848.*

“REV DEAR SIR,—I have maturely considered the terms on which Mr. Short proposes to supply me with oak timber for the roof of my cathedral, and I am not sure that I understand them accurately.

“According to your kind and favourable opinion of Mr. Short's proposal, the oak timber will be delivered to me at 1s. 3d. *per cubic foot, squared*. If your view be in accordance with Mr. Short's proposal, 100 trees taken, one with the other, should average, at twenty cubical feet each tree, or in other words, the 100 trees would, when squared, contain 2,000 cubic feet of square timber. You will have the kindness to ascertain Mr. Short's sentiments on that subject, and to make me acquainted with them at your earliest convenience.

"You know that I could not make use of *round trees* in the roof of the cathedral, and consequently, that I should not pay for the timber taken off in reducing the round trees to the square form, otherwise the timber would be dearer than I could get it in a timber yard, where every piece of timber is squared before it is purchased. I remain, with esteem and respect, Rev. dear Sir, your obedient servant,

"✠ W. CROLLY.

"*The Rev. H. J. Cavanagh.*"

When the spring of 1849 arrived, and the oak, with its companion trees of the forest were being clothed in nature's loveliest dress of green, the good primate bade farewell to all his cherished hopes and undertakings, and, like his Divine Master, in prayer, and peace, and resignation, sought and obtained that crown which the world cannot bestow—the reward of a life spent in advancing the glory of God, the propagation of the faith, and the salvation of souls. His death as his life was holy, and was sanctified by the coincidence of the agony of our dear Lord on the cross. Sometime previously he arranged all his temporal concerns as if he had a presentiment of his approaching death, and when, on Good Friday, it had been announced to him by his medical attendants that no hope of recovery remained, he received the intelli-

gence with a manly cheerfulness and courage so characteristic of his whole life, and called for his confessor to arrange his spiritual affairs, and prepare him for that judgment (so awful and dreaded even by the greatest saints) which he found to be fast approaching. Although this is not the place to dwell at any length on a character so amiable, and so "*edifyingly*" truthful, still we cannot pass over in silence some traits of it, which are only to be found in great minds and generous hearts. To rare intellectual gifts, and an active and discriminating charity he superadded a tenderness of heart, and an unmindfulness of personal annoyances which are the true characteristics of a noble nature.

Many instances might be adduced in confirmation of his exercise of these heaven-born gifts in the management of an extensive diocese, and the right conduct of a large number of priests. If in the discharge of his duty he was obliged either to reprimand or punish, he acted as the tenderest of fathers, who rewards and cherishes the son whom he corrects, and loves him the more because he had the courage and grace to return home and err no more. At times, political or social questions will arise

upon which men differ, and conscientiously hold opposite opinions. On one occasion a parish priest of the archdiocese exercised his right to disagree with Dr. Crolly's views on some of the debated questions of the day, and wrote a public letter in strong and not over courteous language, condemnatory of His Grace's political conduct in general, and particularly severe on his views of the question at issue. The letter went the rounds of the press, and was commented on, either favourably or otherwise, according to the bias, but not the logic, of the editor. Soon afterwards a parish became vacant, and the intimate friends of the priest expressed their regret at the letter having been written, as in all probability it would militate against the writer's chance of being promoted to a better parish. To the great surprise of all, both friend and stranger, His Grace offered the vacant parish to the letter writer, and never afterwards adverted to the fact which caused him considerable annoyance at the time. Such was his magnanimity in dealing with his priests.

In Primate Crolly there was nothing mean, or vindictive, or little. His heart, his nature, his

ideas, his charity and hospitality were big and princely. The priest or layman whom he respected most was the man who, fearlessly, but not offensively, advanced and vindicated his principles, even were they opposed to his own. Did he suspect a person of "*cringing*" and conforming to "*principles and ideas*" to please those in power, and thereby promote his own interest, his genial and confiding disposition would become stern and distrustful, and his heart callous and impervious to every compliment from such a quarter, so much at variance with his own truthful and straightforward nature. He never wore a *mask* himself, for it was not fashionable in *his* day, nor could he bear to see it on another. And yet his society was courted and prized by men of every class and profession. He was as much at home with the peer as with the humblest of his own priests, and possessed in a peculiar degree the art of making everyone happy. No wonder, therefore, that his name and virtues live in the hearts of those who never had the happiness of seeing him, and are still embalmed in the affections of a grateful people; for such men belong not exclusively to their own generation—their lives are the property

and inheritance of all men and all ages. But we of the present day should be doubly grateful to his memory, for it is imperishably associated with the revival and triumph of religion and education in Ulster.

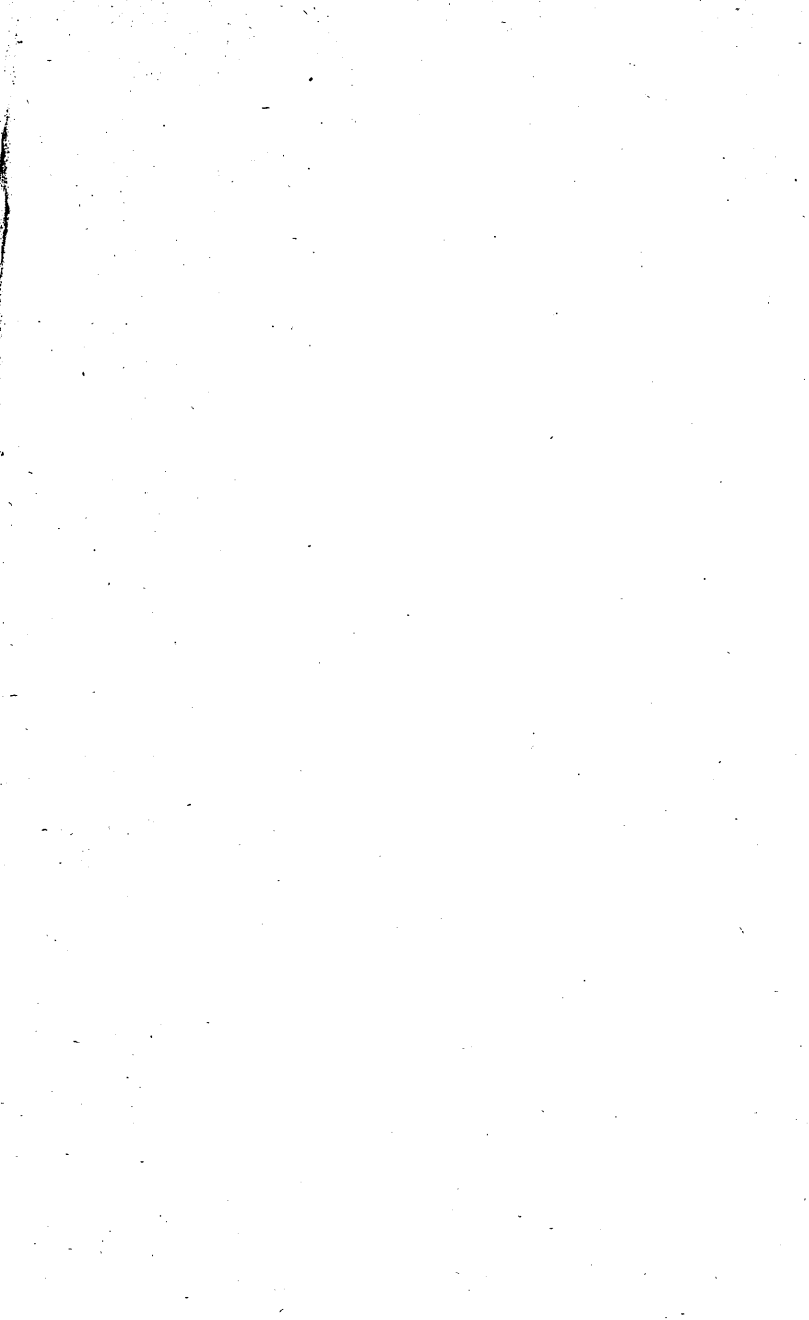
In stating so much, we by no means intend to detract from the labours either of his predecessors or successors in the primacy, for the former lived in troublous times, when their existence was barely tolerated ; and the latter have given all their energy and zeal to complete, not only the material temple, but also to build up the spiritual one. In concluding this imperfect notice of Primate Crolly's part in the work of the cathedral, we feel that we are only doing justice to his memory in stating that but for him the history of its erection would not yet be written ; for few, if any, would undertake either *then* or *now* so arduous a work. Posterity, therefore, however selfish and ungenerous, must acknowledge so much, and in recording his nobility of heart and soul, will point to the cathedral, and say, "*Si quæras monumentum, circumspice.*"

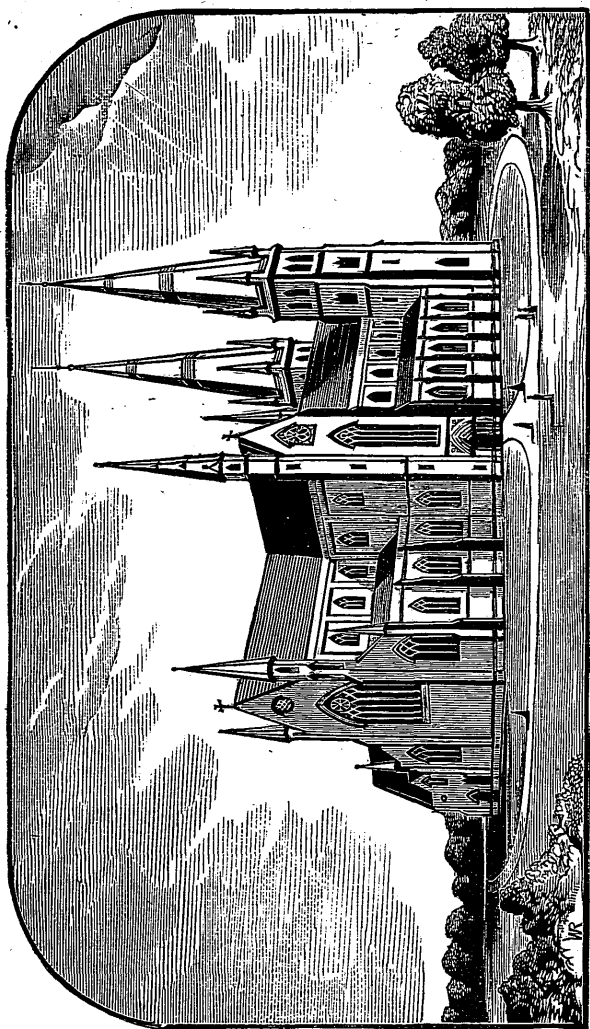


MOST REV. DR. CULLEN.

NEARLY a year after the death of Primate Croll, the late Cardinal was appointed Archbishop of Armagh, and Primate of all Ireland. He arrived, for the first time, in Armagh on the eve of the anniversary of his predecessor. Great hopes were entertained, and high expectations indulged in, that His Grace would complete the cathedral, and crown the work so heroically undertaken by Dr. Croll. The high character which he so deservedly acquired at Rome as a scholar and a learned ecclesiastic, and the esteem in which he was held by Pius IX., of immortal memory, gave earnest of a distinguished career; and the friends and committee of the cathedral looked upon him as providentially sent to infuse new life into an undertaking which seemed to be fast hastening to ruin. But his energy and great

abilities were reserved for another portion of the vineyard, where his marvellous works shall proclaim to future generations the measure of his zeal and piety. During his short episcopate in the Archdiocese of Armagh, a little more than two years, he seemed to take no interest whatever in the cathedral. He looked upon it as too large, and quite unsuited to the requirements of the place, and frequently declared that a portion of it might be roofed which would be sufficient for all necessary purposes. Thus he left his successor, who may be called the Solomon of the temple, to complete the work so long allowed to stand as a modern ruin.





THE CATHEDRAL AS FINISHED BY MR. J. J. M'CARTHY, ARCHITECT, DUBLIN.

MOST REV. DR. DIXON.

N the translation of the Most Rev. Dr. Cullen to the See of Dublin, Dr. Dixon was appointed to succeed him as Archbishop of Armagh, and Primate of all Ireland. He was consecrated in the College chapel at Maynooth, on the Feast of the Purification of the Blessed Virgin in 1852. If ever a bishop said *Nolo Episcopare* from his heart, and felt himself unworthy to assume so high and sacred an office, that man was Dr. Dixon. A disposition the most retiring, a humility the most profound, and a piety the most simple and heartfelt and unobtrusive, combined to deter him from undertaking the responsibilities of the Primacy, and made him quite averse to leave his loved *Alma Mater* where he had spent the best and happiest portion of his life. The very idea of being separated from his saintly

companions, with whom he had been associated for thirty years, whose piety and learning he considered to be a light to his eyes, and a guide to his feet, more than unmanned him ; and when his official appointment had been received, he wept bitterly, and prayed God, if it was his holy will, to allow him to remain in the college where he had lived so long in the daily exercise of prayer, meditation, and study. No human influence or consideration could have had any part in determining his choice ; but when it became manifest to him by the advice of pious and learned counsellors, that in refusing the mitre he would be manifestly acting in opposition to the will of God, he immediately complied, and vowed obedience to that holy will, and to the Vicar of Christ, by whose authority he was appointed to rule the See of Armagh.

How wonderfully and mysteriously God acts in the management of *His* kingdom (his Church) here on earth, and how different the agents *He* employs in propagating and governing it, from those which the world makes use of in extending its empire and dominion. The arms of the latter are diplomacy, deceit, and the sword, without any regard of the means to the end ;

whilst humility, and the cross, and the grace of God are the only weapons of the former for securing lasting peace and universal dominion. There could scarcely be found in the Church of God a bishop with less worldly-mindedness and want of confidence in his own abilities than Dr. Dixon, whose triumph in the great work of completing the cathedral we are now recording. And yet this distrust in himself was the secret of his success; for the more he meditated on his position, the more earnestly and humbly did he implore God's assistance, and the more he was convinced that the *Lord would build the house*.

With the different acts of his holy episcopate we are not concerned here, as they have been *partially* recorded in his life lately written by the "Nun of Kenmare." We shall, therefore, confine ourselves to what may be called the great work of his life, and the object of this notice—the history of the erection of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Armagh.

Soon after his consecration he began to turn his attention to the resumption of the work so long allowed to remain in abeyance. As Mr. Duff, the original architect had died some time previously, His Grace and the committee

entrusted the completion of the cathedral to Mr. J. J. M'Carthy, architect, Dublin ; and Mr. Byrne, builder, Belfast, was declared the contractor. One essential element of success was wanting, but faith and hope of its being forthcoming, when required, were not wanting ; and forthwith Dr. Dixon appealed to the entire diocese to assist him by a generous collection to resume the work. It was his first appeal, and a hearty response, not only from his own diocese, but from different parts of the country, encouraged him to go on ; and from that day till the day of his death everything prospered and conspired to make success more certain. To resume the work in earnest, and secure for it the blessings of heaven, His Grace appointed Easter Monday, 1854, the day of its second birth, and celebrated it with Pontifical High Mass within the unfinished and roofless walls of the cathedral itself. If we except the occasion of the laying of the first stone, and the day of dedication, so great a multitude has not been assembled on the hill as was present on that day at High Mass. The entire area of the building, nave, aisles, and transepts, was made available, and packed with a multitude so dense as to be unable to move or

kneel. An organ loft had been extemporised for the occasion, just where the present organ gallery is erected, and an efficient choir was in attendance to add to the solemnity and decorum of the occasion. At the opposite end, where the Virgin's altar now stands, a temporary one was erected, and there High Mass was celebrated, His Grace, the Primate, high priest; the Rev. John Gallogly, C.C., deacon, and the Rev. Thomas Crinnion, C.C., subdeacon; the Rev. B. Hughes, St. Patrick's College, and Rev. James Campbell, C.C., masters of ceremonies. Father O'Rourke, S.J., occupied the pulpit. But neither he nor the choir, nor any human voice could be heard, for the pitiless storm that raged at the time hushed every voice in order to proclaim its own uncontrollable power. For some days previous the builder, Mr. Byrne, was engaged in making the place habitable, at least, for the occasion. Large beams of timber were placed at intervals across the nave and aisles, and an abundant supply of tarpaulins was procured to cover the space underneath, and protect the congregation from the elements, if they chanced to be unpropitious. The weather, generally, at such a season is changeable, and combines the coldness of winter with the blustering of

March. Such was Easter Monday, 1854; and although the morning was sunny and bright, still a few detached clouds, as they flitted here and there across the sky, betokened the near approach of a storm. When 12 o'clock, the appointed hour, arrived, the storm assumed the violence of a hurricane, and showers of hail, driven furiously by a south-east wind along the whole length of the cathedral, plattered on the awning above, which swelled and roared as the billows of an angry sea when lashed into fury by the tempest. Occasionally the tarpaulins would part asunder, and a deposit of hail would fall on the bare heads of the congregation underneath, who bore it uncomplainingly, as only an Irish Catholic would do. Just after the Consecration, when the tempest had reached its height, a gust of wind swept the whole cathedral, extinguished the candles, and would have upset the altar, had not the deacon, to the great relief of His Grace, placed the patena on the Host, and secured the chalice with one of his hands till after the Communion.

After the Mass Father O'Rourke ascended the pulpit to discharge his allotted portion of the work; but had he the voice of "*Stentor*," it could not be heard. The tempest was so

supreme and inexorable, that with difficulty he managed to say a few words, and retain his surplice, which had been almost blown off him several times. During all this time Mr. Byrne the builder, remained outside on the roof, and travelled from beam to beam with his hammer and box of nails, at great personal danger, to secure the canvass, and prevent the noise which sometimes resembled a sudden clap of thunder, and again the breaking of huge waves as they near the shore. The vast congregation had been admitted by ticket, and although no collection had been made, still a goodly sum must have been realised by the sale of tickets alone. Thus ended Resumption Monday, as His Grace afterwards playfully called it; and, so too, have passed away, with the exception of the deacon, the entire staff of priests who assisted at the ceremonies of that day, all of whom were young men, full of life and promise, not excepting the Primate himself, who, had he lived to the present time, would not have reached the years of many of his predecessors.* By this formal inauguration of the work, new life and spirit were

* In the evening His Grace entertained at dinner the clergy, the architect, and committee. His health was pro-

infused into the people, the despondent became hopeful, and the hopeful assured, that the evil "genius" that had so long marred the progress of the cathedral, had ceased with the storm it had evoked, and that better times and redoubled energy would create a new impulse and determination to carry on the work to a glorious consummation. To this end every possible effort was made to raise funds. The penny a week collection, which had greatly fallen off, was revived and increased, and the *navvies* along the railway from Armagh to Monaghan, were collected by the curates and lay members of the committee, dividing themselves into parties of twos or threes, to meet the different bodies of workmen scattered along the line. The self-imposed tariff which these brave "sons of toil" undertook to pay to the cathedral (and which many of them doubled), was 2s. 6d. for each horse and cart, and 1s. for each man. The

posed by a member of the committee in eloquent and laudatory terms; in reply his Grace said: "If he were humble, there was now a fearful attack made on his humility, that the praise conferred was a great temptation to make him lose it, supposing he possessed it." It pained him to be praised under any circumstances, and the more he deserved it, the more it *pained* him to receive it.

devotional feeling with which most of them gave their contributions to *St. Patrick's Cathedral in his Own city*, "Armagh," was truly edifying, and more than compensated for the grudging sectarian narrowness that wished to hide its penury under the cloak of conscience.

At Killylea a striking case in point occurred. A large number of horses had been employed in carting, to some distance, a deep cutting, and the prospect of getting 2s. 6d. from each was something gratifying to the collectors. Although some few, who had horses, contributed rather grudgingly, there was one, a *nonconformist*, whom neither example nor persuasion could induce to alter *his conscientious* scruples which forbade him to violate the first precept of the "decatalogue" as he "hysterically" called it. He was repeatedly told if his objections arose either from the state of his pocket or the state of his conscience, he "was not expected to give anything, that the contributions of all, both Protestant and Catholic, should be purely voluntary, and that God loved the cheerful giver." Not satisfied with a simple refusal, *our friend* was proceeding to give arguments for the "faith that was in him" and to *nail 'em wi' Scripture*, when one of the *navvies*, a fine specimen of a stalwart

Tipperary man, interposed and said, "that this was no place for controvarsy, that a certain *personage* could quote books of Scripture for himself." This settled the scriptural argument, whereon our *scriptural friend* was about leading off his horse, when the Munster man gruffly ordered him to stop, as he had not a sufficient load, and suiting the action to the word, he threw, with his short shovel, a lump of clay, about three cwt. weight, on the cart, which shook and creaked and nearly upset the poor old nag. This argument was most conclusive, and 2s. 6d. was *immediately* forthcoming, if not for the sake of St. Patrick, on account of the horse. To another decent-looking man, for whom our hero seemed to have a sort of regard, but who, nevertheless, was rather indisposed to encourage *Popery*, the Munster man took the trouble of quietly remarking, "Don't you know, *Sam*, that, if you are wise, you will give like another; if you refuse, I fear your little cob will not be able to work through the job." The logic of the Tipperary man was, in every case of appeal, so binding and *legitimate*, that even a blind man could see the force of the argument. During the year we speak of, His Grace was summoned to Rome to assist at the

definition of the Immaculate Conception. The work, notwithstanding, progressed steadily, and from various quarters funds were forthcoming. Few bishops in Ireland were so well known and so highly esteemed by the priesthood as Dr. Dixon. More than one-half of the secular clergy of the entire kingdom passed under him at Maynooth, either as Dean or Professor; and those who studied at other colleges knew his character, and worth, and saintly life in college from those who had proof of it. Hence the readiness with which people outside the diocese contributed to the cathedral, and the kind reception, from bishops and priests, which was accorded *his* collectors wherever they went. Although Dr. Dixon's intellectual gifts were of the highest order, and his acquirements varied and profound, it was his humility more than all else that caused him to be so loved and admired. In college there were three professors who invariably walked together during recreation hours—Dr. Callan, Dr. O'Reilly, or, as he was generally called, the great O, and Dr. Dixon. Three remarkable men, each in his own department. The name of the first is famous in the scientific world in connexion with natural and experimental philosophy and the invention of

Callan's battery; the second shone as to his knowledge of moral and dogmatic theology and metaphysics; while the latter, in addition to his being a profound biblical and Hebrew scholar, was quite competent to profess any chair in the house, and to examine in every class-hall, from humanity to the most advanced. Had these three professors been men of the world, they would have left their mark on the age; but they were men of retirement, prayer, and humility. They never courted popularity, and still they were idolized by the students; other professors would occasionally say a *good thing* in class, and make a witty speech at the beginning of the academical year, for which they would get a cheer and a clap, and gain a little ephemeral popularity, which would die out as soon as the echo; but the esteem, and regard, and veneration of the students for the three doctors was lasting and increasing, for it was the spontaneous outcome of the heart that required no artifice to elicit. In Dr. Dixon there was no provincialism. The student of Cork or Derry, of Galway or Dublin, was as dear to him as his brother of Armagh: he held the scales evenly and justly, and was a perfect impersonation of justice. To this as much as to any.

thing else may be attributed his popularity with the priesthood of Ireland, and the large sums of money collected in the different dioceses by the present P.P. of Magherafelt, the Rev. P. Donnelly, and the late P.P. of Lower Creggan, Rev. J. M'Parlan. There is, however, great sameness and but little romance in the adventures of an Irish collector. The prairie and the forest are wanting, and "the old folks at home" are not the same class as they are out *West*. In 1855, His Grace, Dr. Dixon, wrote to Father M'Culla, then on the mission in Montreal, at Saint-Sulpice, to collect for the cathedral. Father M'Culla, now the respected pastor of Dromiskin, and always a priest of the archdiocese, cheerfully complied with the primate's wish and entered upon the work. One of the great and principal difficulties an Irish priest has to contend with in America, in collecting funds for any Irish purpose at home, is the great distance he must travel to get at the Irish residents, who are principally to be found in the large cities; and when found, after a long journey by rail or steamboat, local circumstances or other causes may, and often do, render all his efforts unavailing. Father M'Culla's own

words will best convey what I wish to state, and may not be uninteresting. He states : "Some time in the year 1855, when I was employed on the work of the sacred ministry, looking after the spiritual interests of our dear countrymen in far distant Montreal, I had the honour of receiving a letter from the then Primate, our saintly and lamented Dr. Joseph Dixon, through which he, in the kindest way, invited me to undertake the collection of funds for the completion of the cathedral, which he was vigorously pressing forward. As my health suffered materially from the severity of a Canadian climate, I gladly embraced the task proposed to me, since it gave me an opportunity of returning to my native diocese. I commenced the work committed to my feeble hands in Montreal itself, where I was well known, and it should be recorded to the credit of our brethren, the Irish Catholics of that city, that after a month's labour I was able to send to Armagh £240.

"My next effort was in Quebec, where the principal friend I had was the Rev. Mr. Harkin, a worthy Irish priest, now, alas ! no more. By him I was introduced to the archbishop of that diocese, who did not object to my work. After trying my fortune there for a few days,

and meeting with a kind reception from those I visited, there was suddenly a gentle hint given to me that it was time to leave. I found it necessary to act on that hint, and the next morning found me back in Montreal. Here my dear friend, the Rev. Michael O'Brien, drew my attention to a paragraph, in some journal of Quebec, declaiming against my work. I wonder how the journalist must have felt when he learned that the object of his attack was so far out of his reach.

"This is a sample of the *amenities* for which a collector of alms must be prepared. Leaving Quebec behind me with its *pleasant memories*, my next start was to Kingston, which was then under the jurisdiction of a holy and warm-hearted Irish bishop, Dr. Phelan, by whom I was kindly received, and by his vicar, Father Dollard, who, I regret to say, is since dead. I plied my trade of alms-seeking there for some weeks, and succeeded in gathering £40. I remember with cordial gratitude, the great kindness bestowed on me by the generous people of Kingston. Whilst I worked there, an event occurred which seems worth recording. Some friend recommended me to appeal to the men constructing the railway. I acted on his advice, and the poor fellows welcomed me

with delight. Among the workmen was one company, all Protestant. I felt some hesitation in asking their assistance, until, encouraged by the Catholics, I advanced towards them. The director of the squad, as they called it, received me with civility, and led me to where his men were at work. No sooner had I stated the object of my visit than one man, who, I was told, was a low Orangeman from the neighbourhood of Armagh, raised his voice in opposition ; I said I wanted nothing from any man who was unwilling to contribute. As he still continued to oppose me, I said, if the robbers who deprived us of our property would restore it, I would be saved the disagreeable labour in which I was then employed. His comrades apologised for him, and told me 'not to mind,' as he had taken 'something' that morning, and they all subscribed to the cathedral except that poor wretch, a disgrace to his country. In what fine relief stands out the generosity of the others beside the conduct of this sorry creature. May it be a source of blessings to them !

"From Kingston I proceeded to Toronto, and as I received little encouragement there, I may write it down a blank.

“Returning to Montreal, I was prevailed on to remain at least till after winter, which was fast approaching. Then a very tempting offer was made to me, to the effect that if I remained, they would make the amount, already subscribed, double. I was staggered, but not shaken in my resolve to leave a climate which acted so unfavourably on my constitution.

“Accordingly, on the return of the next spring I prepared to resume my work; and in the month of April, 1856, after receiving a handsome testimonial, with a bitter pang I parted with most dear friends and agreeable *confrères*. My next move was to Brooklyn, where I was ordered to collect. I had the good fortune to meet my good friend, the Rev. John M'Shane, now on the mission in the parish of Cookstown, who gave me valuable assistance. After some weeks' labour there, the ever-generous Irish supplied me with 500 dollars; the excellent and gentlemanly Mr. O'Gorman, having previously subscribed to Father John M'Mahon, gave me also a liberal donation. There are many whose generosity I would wish to record, if time and space would permit, amongst others, Mr. James Russell, at present residing in Ireland.

“From New York I went to Boston, where I had some friends, and after much labour, going from house to house, I collected 1,000 dollars, or £200 sterling. My next attempt was in Halifax, Nova Scotia. The good bishop of that see was absent in Rome at the time, and the vicar-general of the Most Rev. Dr. Walsh would not allow me to collect there. I made my way back to Boston, by St. John's, New Brunswick. The bishop there was the late lamented Dr. Connolly, who since then died Archbishop of Halifax. The good Bishop Connolly I must ever remember with the liveliest gratitude for the genuine welcome and encouragement he gave me. In St. John's, although a small place, I received £20 from the good people I met there, and feel it due to the present Bishop Sweeney to put on record his great kindness to me on that occasion. I bade adieu to St. John's with a light heart, and returned to Boston to await there, by Dr. Dixon's advice, the return of Dr. Walsh to Halifax from Rome. As soon as I learned that he had arrived, I embarked on the first mail-boat bound for Halifax. In the room assigned to me I had for companion a poor Wesleyan Methodist preacher. When we met in our state-

room we began to converse. He rehearsed to me a controversy he had with some one of another sect, in which he thought he was victor. I listened patiently for a while, and then said, 'That thing you call the Reformation is a perfect humbug.' The poor fellow started to his feet and asked earnestly, 'How is that?' I then began the history of its origin. Before I proceeded far I thought it right to tell him that I was a Catholic priest. At this announcement he leaped up crying, 'Oh, are you? are you?' and disappeared, as his *master* would do when sprinkled with a little holy water. During the remainder of the short trip he kept aloof from me as one stricken with a plague.

"After a pleasant voyage I arrived happily at Halifax, and met a cordial reception from the amiable and pious Bishop Walsh. I collected £60 in that place and returned to New York, there to embark on the fine steamer, 'The Africa,' for *dear Old Ireland*."

Father John M'Mahon, the present pastor of Loughgilly, was on the mission in New York at the same time that Father M'Culla was in Montreal. He, too, was requested by His Grace Dr. Dixon to make a collection for the cathedral

before returning to his native diocese. He did so, and was most successful. The funds of the cathedral acknowledge from him a remittance of £5,000, and £300 for the Virgin's altar. His toil must have been greater than what has been stated of Father M'Culla; but, as his adventures were much similar, a history of them, even if available, might be uninteresting.

At a banquet given to the American and home collectors, in the Charlemont Arms Hotel, Armagh, by His Grace and the committee, in 1857, each of them gave an account of his stewardship. Father M'Culla was graphic in his narrative, Father M'Mahon was rather serious, and Father M'Parlan was both. But the truth cannot be lost sight of, in the meantime, that Dr. Dixon wrought wonders in his own easy way, to bring to completion a temple unequalled in the past or modern history of the ecclesiastical architecture of Ireland. To say that Dr. Dixon's heart and thoughts were in the finishing of the cathedral would not convey his feelings. Even the very stones he would make speak. When the front door or grand entrance had been altered, and the dimensions of the window right over it curtailed by filling up the

space with niches for the apostles, or other statuary, he considered it time to write the dedication of the cathedral, and have it engraven as a protest for all time to come against the *Arianism of Ulster*, that would rob Christ of his divinity and his Immaculate Mother of her maternity. And how he felt when the inscription had been cut, and exclaimed: "*That is my protest against Unitarianism, and will be there when I am not here.*" The inscription is—

SOLI ✠ DEO ✠ OMNIPOTENTI ✠ TRINO IN PERSONIS ✠ SUB INVOCATIONE ✠ STI ✠ PATRITII ✠ HIBERNORUM ✠ APOSTOLI ✠
A.D. ✠ MDCCCLVI. ✠

Perhaps it may not be out of place here to remark that, notwithstanding the Reformation robbed the Catholics of everything (except their faith), their wide domains, their castles, their cathedrals (the work of the Anglo-Norman), their abbeys and convents, their everything that was human, still, with all its plunder, and all its wealth, it never yet built such a church as St. Patrick's Cathedral, Armagh. The late Protestant primate, Lord John George Beresford, a benevolent man in *his* day, netted nearly a million of money from

the See of Armagh; *his* cathedral had, and has, seven townlands to support a choir. It stands in the centre of the city, a beautiful site; but enter it, and you find the coldness of death at every step—a few wretched monuments with fingers decayed or broken off—and a portion of it seated for some who are well dressed and have got SOULS to save. What have they done with their wealth? St. Patrick's, in Dublin, and Christ's Church, have been restored by two rich merchants; but the rood (Catholic) screen of the latter is an eyesore to an orthodox Protestant; St. Patrick's is not worth the expense, and, at best, it is only a badly *cobbled* Catholic church, that rejects the hand of the Reformer. What have they done—the Reformers? They have taken all we had, and given us nothing in return.

As Dr. Dixon's first pastoral to the "Faithful" of the archdiocese was an appeal for funds to continue "the great work" which Dr. Crolly had, as it were, bequeathed him, so also, his *last* appeal, in 1863, was for the same object. But his last appeal was not confined to the priests and people of his *own* diocese, it was directed to all Irish Catholics at home and abroad.

Although many who may read this short notice of His Grace's part in the erection of the cathedral, have already seen the appeal, still it is so intimately connected with its history, and so heartfelt, and simple, and eloquent, that we must be excused for reproducing it.

“THE GREAT CATHEDRAL OF ST. PATRICK,
AT ARMAGH.

“To Irish Catholics at home and abroad.

“We, the unworthy successor of St. Patrick, in the See of Armagh, make this appeal to you, Irish Catholics, with the fullest confidence in that generosity which has ever distinguished the genuine Irish Catholic as often as the cause of religion, of charity, or of true patriotism has called for its exercise. Our cathedral is now approaching its completion. We have made a last appeal, therefore, to the people of our diocese for aid to finish it. That appeal, we doubt not, will meet a generous response. But as the aid which we still require for the finishing of the work is very considerable, it has been suggested to us that we ought to seek on this occasion the co-operation, with our own people,

of their Catholic countrymen in other dioceses, and in other lands; and, indeed, where is the Irish Catholic to be found in any part of the world who will say that Armagh has no claim upon him? Is not Armagh a household word with him? Armagh! the name of the sacred city of Ireland—the Jerusalem of our country—where that glorious temple stands on its own Sion, proclaiming to all who see it, the triumph of the faith of Irish Catholics over ages of suffering, and, at the same time, their undying veneration and love for the memory of their great apostle, St. Patrick. Yes! be it remembered that this is the most beautiful church ever seen in Ireland—the noblest monument ever raised to the memory of our apostle. Now, then, that with the blessing of God, we are about to put the finishing hand to this great work, we may count with certainty on the aid of our faithful countrymen throughout the world. And the daughters of Ireland, who, by the ardour of their faith and the purity of their lives, shed a glorious lustre on their country at home and abroad, they, who are ever in the van where religion or charity leads, will not be indifferent to this appeal. They would rather, if necessary, in their

desire to see this great temple of Ireland completed, rival the zeal of the women of Israel, when they offered their bracelets and earrings for the work of the Tabernacle.”

This appeal to Irish faith and generosity, and coming from a prelate so saintly and single-minded, had the desired effect, and was responded to with a liberality both at home and abroad far exceeding the most sanguine expectations. Another, and his last effort, was to organise a bazaar. As the erection of the cathedral was an arduous undertaking, and prophecies had been, for some time past, in circulation, that it never would be finished, His Grace centred all his energies in, and gave his heartiest prayers for the success of the bazaar, to falsify, as well the predictions of those whose wishes were their only inspiration, as to complete the work which was *his* greatest ambition. Accordingly, a working committee was formed of ladies and gentlemen under the presidency of the Primate, and the co-operation of parties at a distance was earnestly solicited. The result was, that Dublin, Liverpool, and Belfast, as well as every town and parish in the diocese, were represented, and ladies and gentlemen of

the highest respectability from those distant localities, and from Drogheda to Derry, presided at stalls; and some of them furnished the prizes out of their own pockets to compliment His Grace and honour St. Patrick. The bazaar continued for a week. If the fatigue which, of necessity, these charitable ladies must have undergone in "pushing" a business from morning to eleven o'clock at night, was great and wearisome, the result was proportionate, and their reward will be "exceedingly great" in return.

Beyond £7,000 were placed to the account of the cathedral by the bazaar alone—a large sum, no doubt, when the frequent calls on the people for the same purpose are considered. But the prizes were valuable, and many of them from afar, which attracted two classes of people—the admirers of the beautiful and of the useful, and caused amongst both a commendable rivalry. The Pope sent a magnificent ivory carving of Raphael's "Madonna di Foligno;" the Emperor of Austria sent two vases and a table especially manufactured for the occasion; and the Emperor of the French sent, also, two beautiful vases of Sevres china, value 1,500 francs,

which stood on the drawing-room table of the palace of the Tuilleries. Hence the competition amongst the admirers of the beautiful in art, for the possession of the Papal and Imperial prizes, whilst not less interest was manifested by others for the possession of the *useful*. And hence, too, to a great extent, the success of the bazaar.

We might stop here and take a sorrowful farewell of Dr. Dixon, did not his interest in the consecration of the cathedral, well-nigh finished, justify a few more observations. He looked forward to that *great* day, as he used to call it—"the greatest ever witnessed in Armagh since the funeral of Brian Boru" (we quote his own words), with the longing of Israel for the promised land. But he had already done his part, and God was satisfied with the work. In conversation with his priests, he frequently used to submit his *programme* to them, and how the occasion could be best turned to account. He was anxiously hoping that, at no distant day, the bishops of the world would be summoned to Rome, and that, on their way, the American and Australian bishops would assist at the dedication of his cathedral.

Had he lived to 1870, that hope would have been realised, for in that year the *Vatican Council* was held at Rome, and the entire Church was represented in her bishops. He hoped, *too*, that some of the continental bishops should take part in the ceremony, and that the Most Rev. Dr. Cruise, Bishop of Marseilles, an Irishman either by birth or descent, would celebrate the High Mass, and that his Eminence Cardinal De la Puente, a Spanish archbishop, whose friendship he had experienced at Rome, would give Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. And to crown the work, he had determined that the Most Rev. Dr. Hughes, Archbishop of New York, would preach the dedication sermon. No wonder, then, that with such hopes and expectations he used to playfully say, "that since the funeral of *Brian Boru* Armagh never witnessed such a day."

The vision was a glorious one, and worthy the sainted successor of St. Patrick. The entire bishops of our own dear land, joined by those of England, Scotland, America, and Australia, with representatives from glorious France and old Catholic Spain, recognising their indebtedness to poor Catholic Ireland,

whose children carried the faith into both hemispheres—the Old as well as the New World.

This dream and hope of his life would have been a reality, had God spared him a few years longer. In addition to the many virtues and intellectual gifts that combined to form the man, there was one, so nearly akin to his profound humility, and so much admired by those who knew him intimately, that it deserves notice here. *It* was his inborn modesty; he blushed at being praised, no matter by whom or how well-deserved; and so averse was he *even* to the semblance of adulation that, at the conferences of his clergy and confirmation parties, he confined the prosy declamation that formerly obtained on such occasions to a few simple words, and did so, by his own example, without giving pain or offence to anyone.

At a confirmation dinner, some "twenty golden years ago," the pastor of the parish, who indulged in big words (*Sesquipedalia verba*) proposed His Grace's health in unmeasured praise, and wound up by saying that, as His Grace was a native of that part of the diocese, they (the priests) would present him with a car-

riage and pair, and harness and livery to match, and would not allow any other portion of the diocese to take part in the matter. The pain which the poor Primate felt at such an *unmerciful presentation* was visible to all present, and, rising to his feet, he merely said : "I have paid dearly for *that carriage and pair* ; if you have any charity to bestow, give it to the cathedral, and, *perhaps*, St. Patrick may reward you by his prayers." He felt, too, and often expressed it, that many deliberately untrue statements were put forward on such occasions, for some selfish purpose ; and, although he was the least suspicious bishop in the Church, he had determined that the sycophant should never have a passport to his affections or patronage. He could live without flattery, and therefore he did not reward it. So scrupulously modest was he in the smallest matters, that in putting on his soutanne in the vestry-room he would steal one of his arms out of his coat and slip it into the sleeve of the soutanne before he would take out the other. To some this may seem rather childish. Even so, it clearly shows the great esteem in which he held the sweet and tender virtue of modesty ; but as we are not writing

his biography, many interesting anecdotes of his saintly life must be passed over.

Before closing this notice of Dr. Dixon, we feel it a duty to introduce to our readers a "*personage*" whose life is so inseparably interwoven with the cathedral, that any history of it would be unpardonably incomplete without reference to Jemmy Kilpatrick. The good citizens of Armagh and most of the priests of the archdiocese who knew him long and intimately, must pardon me if I fail in doing justice to a character so diversified, and withal so inoffensive. He had been appointed by Dr. Crolly, in the infancy of the cathedral, guardian of the hill and night-watchman, and regarded *his patent of nobility* as more ancient and honourable than any modern dignity which the government of the day could confer; yet, still he managed to keep on good terms with the "*powers that be.*" In addition to night-watchman he held several other sinecures—he was land-steward, grave-digger, general marketman, and bailiff. After Primate Crolly's death, Jemmy still held the office of night-watchman, as if it had been hereditary; and during Dr. Cullen's administration he retained the salaries

and other perquisites connected with the different offices he filled. After the resumption of the works, he felt that Mr. Byrne, the contractor, was interfering more or less with his position and employment, and naturally considered that his tenure of office was becoming very precarious. The very thought was harassing to poor Jemmy. As night-watchman he had very little to do, nor did he lose much sleep in doing that little. He would occasionally take a stroll round the hill with a bull-terrier dog and his gun, and was sure, if he felt any of the curates of the town returning home from the seminary, to discharge his *Queen Anne*, by way of showing that the good watchman never sleeps. During the next day the adventures of Jemmy and his dog on the previous night was the theme of the corner-boys at the shambles, and the courage and sagacity of *Bloss* in seizing a fellow by the calf of the leg, and holding him prisoner till released, was widely spoken of, although no one believed it, and, least of all, Jemmy himself. No matter; the report was useful, and he made money by it. Bloss was the fruitful mother of a progeny of young Blosses; and when the time had arrived that

the whelps could be advantageously disposed of, *then* the pedigree of the Blosses was eloquently and graphically dilated upon by Jemmy, in a style and manner peculiarly his own. The sale of the young kennel took place generally on market evenings, when the farmers of the neighbourhood were returning home, softly and good-humouredly, after making money and partaking of some "*creature comforts*," in order to compensate for the toil and fatigue of the day. To any person present at the bargain, who knew he *true* pedigree of the Blosses, the leer of Jemmy's eye spoke volumes. It enjoined secrecy on the bystander, and also expressed the conviction that the purchaser was gulled and the sale effected. The prices obtained varied according to the purse and credulity of the customer—from five to ten shillings for each pup, with a fair quantity of liquor and an occasional dinner into the bargain. For a time, also, Jemmy did a little business in the egg and fowl trade. A gentleman in the neighbourhood, a fowl-fancier, made him a present of a Cochinchina cock and hen, the first of the breed that had appeared about Armagh, and Jemmy took advantage of this fortuitous opportunity of

rearing two or three clutches of March birds every season, which he sold at fabulous prices. The eggs he would not dispose of on any terms, lest the breed would become too common, and, therefore, less valuable. This monopoly, however, was but *short-lived*, and in spite of Jemmy's precautions to the contrary, the Cochin-China increased and multiplied, until it was found to be in most respects inferior to the old hen that was racy of the soil; so, his resources were not confined to the various duties which he so "*efficiently*" performed. Although Jemmy was strictly honest and trustworthy, still his features and gait impressed one with the idea of cunning and trickery, despite of all preconceived notions to the contrary. About the average height, his shoulders were round as the curve of a pot, and stooped, not by years, for he was not more than sixty, but by nature. His neck was long and bent, whilst a smile, blended with a grin of sarcastic ridicule, always played on his lips, and a suspicious twinkle of the eye, as if to read the thoughts of others and conceal his own, completed his contour. It would be impossible to find him without a justification of his conduct, if questioned, or an excuse for

his shortcomings, if found out. Although Jemmy, according to himself, was descended from fighting families by both father and mother's side of the house, and could recount his ancestors' deeds of valour for generations, yet he himself possessed very little chivalry, and was a thorough coward. In his capacity of bailiff, one of the curates, manager of the national school in Chapel-lane, ordered him to take possession of the school-room from an incorrigible female teacher, who held the key and kept possession of the house. In order to dislodge the girl, Jemmy was obliged to go up a ladder and force his way through a window which was kept by the teacher. After a sharp tussle, in which he was victor, he shouts out of the window that he was stabbed, and enquired, "was there a priest in the crowd, if so, his life was not worth a straw." This was to gain the sympathy of the people looking on, and to proclaim his own fearlessness of danger in the face of such desperation. When he descended the ladder in triumph with the key in his hand, it was found to the *inexpressible* joy of the assembled multitude that he had not received even the scratch of a pin. But all his achieve-

ments he considered as nothing in comparison with his exploits on the hill.

The department in which he most excelled was in describing the architectural beauties of the cathedral. With the country-people, who used to flock in crowds to the hill on market-days, he was quite at home, and seldom was at a loss for a name to designate the sculptured figures that are to be met with everywhere in the interior; and when his vocabulary was exhausted he would naively say: "Oh, it's not much matter about this fellow, sure he's only *an ould Garman*." It would be difficult to find a man with a greater faculty for doing nothing, and being always busy; and, to complete the illusion, he was constantly rubbing his forehead to dry the perspiration, although there was not a single drop of sweat on his brow. In the most trifling things he exhibited all that practical wit, sagacity, and fertility of invention that natural genius, sharpened by long experience, had endowed him with. Jemmy, as has been already stated, considered himself to be the guardian and "good *genius*" of the hill: and not without reason, for he had watched over the infancy of the cathedral, and hoped to live

to see it grow up to full maturity. Beside the cathedral a small house had been erected for the night-watchman, which he occasionally occupied. Mr. Byrne converted this little lodge into an office and bedroom, in which his foreman slept, thereby dispensing with the employment of a night-watchman, as no longer necessary. Jemmy was therefore obliged to work as a day labourer, which he by no means relished. Whatever Mr. Byrne did was accompanied with a laugh; in fact he spoke in smiles, and he was generally called Tommy, from a line of a ballad, which ran—

“He draws in turn with Tommy Byrne.”

These details are mentioned in order that the reader may understand the pithy and truly graphic description of Jemmy's adieu to the hill and to Tommy Byrne: “*He built me out from house to house, changed my work from night to day, and THEN laughed me off the hill.*”

Poor Jemmy! No wonder that from *that* day he drooped and became sad and dejected, for his heart was on the hill. We naturally love that which has made us happy. The rugged home of our youth, and the neighbouring

mountain of our native place; the little river that murmurs through the hazel glen; every shaw, and dell, and streamlet, how inconsiderable soever, draw our hearts to them with a delightful but sad remembrance which the incomparable scenery of strange lands, or the beauties of marble cities must fail to inspire, because our hearts grew into them as being the earliest objects of our affection.

“Their groves o’ sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon
Where bright-beaming summers exalt the perfume;
Far dearer to me yon lone glen o’ green bracken,
Wi’ the burn stealing under the lang yellow broom.”

But, although the poetry of nature may have had no influence on Jemmy’s boyhood, *still* the whole heart and affections of the man were centred on the hill, and he gave to the cathedral—knave and all, as he was—whatever was generous and disinterested in his life.

In praying the Lord to have mercy on Jemmy Kilpatrick, we feel bound to say that there were many good traits in his character.

We shall now proceed to notice Primate Dixon’s successor, although, like Cardinal Cullen, he did nothing to the cathedral.

MOST REV. DR. KIERAN.

QN the death of Primate Dixon, in 1866, the Most Rev. Dr. Kieran was appointed his successor in the See of Armagh, and consecrated in St. Patrick's Church, Dundalk, in the same year. For long and dreary centuries of persecution the parish of Drogheda had been the residence of the primates. Sometimes they lived at Termonfeckin, where their graves are still pointed out and revered by the faithful, as the last resting-place of the victims of the "penal laws." As Dr. Kieran had been for many years parish priest of Dundalk, he obtained permission from "Propaganda" to retain Dundalk as his parish and residence, and leave Drogheda to the care of a P.P. and Vicar-General of the diocese. The good people of Drogheda felt that their ancient and Catholic town should still be the seat of the Primacy, and, that their prestige in the Arch-

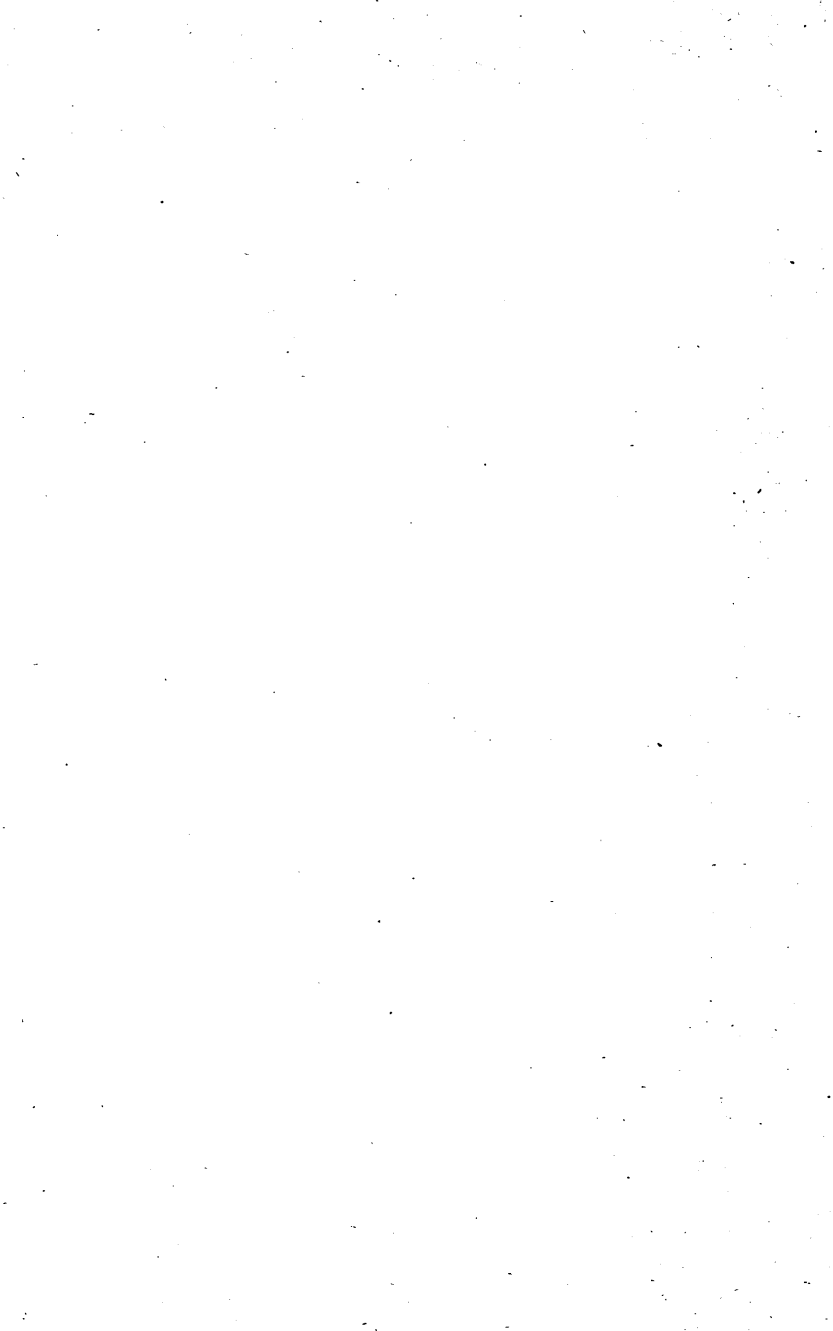
diocese had been lowered. If respect and veneration for the memories of the sainted prelates who lived and died amongst them (O'Reilly and Curtis, Croll and Dixon) could entitle them to possess what they considered to be their right and privilege ("the residence of the Primate and head of the Irish Church in their midst"), no parish in the archdiocese had a prior or equal claim. The deep affection and heartfelt tenderness in which they still embalm the names and the virtues of Primates Croll and Dixon—whom many of the present generation knew and loved—afford us a consoling proof that we shall not all die—"non omnis moriar"—but that the virtues and exploits of the great and the good shall survive the grave, and live from generation to generation as bright examples to encourage others on *their* path of duty. But experience teaches us another and different lesson not less true—that *some*, and not a few—who have worked themselves into high positions—have been forgotten *even* before they died, because the impelling motive of their lives was selfishness. When Dr. Kieran took upon himself the responsibilities of the Primacy, he was stooping to the grave. The

state of his health exercised a baneful influence over an intellect otherwise vigorous and of no mean order. The whole man was unequal to the proper discharge of his duties, and the little that remained to be done to complete the cathedral was, in consequence, left for his successor.

Had Dr. Kieran's health been equal to the task, doubtless he would have finished the cathedral, for, as parish priest and dean, he was vigorous and hardworking. We will, therefore, give him credit for good intentions which, after all, is something, and hope to be excused for adverting to one of the most prominent characteristics of his life—his fame as an eloquent and powerful pulpit orator. In saying so much we by no means wish to convey that Dr. Kieran was a smooth or polished speaker, for his whole object seemed to be to instruct and convince, without much regard either to style or soft-flowing sentences. His oratory came up to Baker's standard—"True *eloquence* is good sense delivered in a natural and unaffected way, *without the artificial ornament of tropes and figures.*" It must flow like a stream that is fed by an abundant spring, and the only essential

and perennial spring is an unfailing fund of extensive knowledge. And this Dr. Kieran possessed in a very marked degree. As he had been a hard student during his entire life, his mind was stored with a large stock of important truths, solid maxims, and a variety of knowledge, both sacred and profane, which qualified him to grasp difficult and abstruse subjects, and treat them in a masterly and exhaustive manner. His acquaintance with modern languages, too, enabled him to utilize the ideas and beauties of the most eloquent orators of ancient and modern times, and make them tributary to his purpose. Add to this, his thorough knowledge of the Sacred Scriptures, the Holy Fathers, and of moral and dogmatic theology, the queen of all the sciences, and you have the elements that constitute and ennoble the sacred orator. On whatever subject he spoke his arguments were overwhelmingly convincing and conclusive, and his manner, always impressive and impassioned, roused and kindled the minds of his auditory with the warmth of his own passion, which more than compensated for the absence of that studied grace (at which the polished orator aims by his style and gesture),

and proved that nature is infinitely more powerful than art. His sermons seemed to be studiously prepared, and he never lost sight of the subject-matter he wished to enforce, either by digression or irrelevant or entertaining anecdotes, thus affording a marked contrast with some of our popular preachers who, in their discourses, treat of every conceivable question except the proper one, and often, too, without much regard to the truths of theology, of chronology, or of history. In closing this short notice of the Most Rev. Dr. Kieran we cannot point to any remarkable work of his Episcopate owing to the reasons already stated, but, as to his career as curate, parish priest, and dean, it will contrast favourably with that of the most distinguished and gifted ecclesiastic of his day, whether in an exalted or an humble position.



MOST REV. DR. M'GETTIGAN.

AFTER the death of the Most Rev. Dr. Kieran, in 1870, Dr. M'Gettigan, whilst assisting at the Vatican Council held at Rome in that year, was translated from his native diocese—Raphoe—to the Metropolitan See of Armagh. The condition of the cathedral which remained in *statu quo* since the lamented death of Dr. Dixon, in 1866, appealed to His Grace to crown the work, already well-nigh finished, and, in due course, he set about completing the two principal towers, and preparing the *interior* for the ceremony of dedication.

No other religious function could appeal so directly to the faith, and patriotism, and charity of the Irish Catholic, whether at home or abroad, as the dedication of a noble temple to the honour and glory of God under the invocation of St. Patrick our national apostle, in his own city, sacred by so many memories. The Primatial See

of Armagh possesses many hallowed recollections, "national and religious," which indestructibly live in the hearts of the Irish race, wherever scattered over the habitable globe. Its history attracts the educated of every class and creed. The antiquarian, the patriot, the ecclesiastic and scholar have, each in his own sphere, abundant material to occupy his respective taste in reviewing the traditions of the glorious past, and rejoicing at the prospect of a no less glorious future, as foreshadowed in the triumphs of the present great religious and educational revival. Every hill, and valley, and stream in the neighbourhood is equally historic as the city itself. On the beautiful hill of Emania, or as it is now called, the "Navan ring," a short distance from Armagh, the kings of Ulster had their royal residences; and within their regal halls the Red Branch Knights deposited the trophies of their victories, thus identifying Armagh with the chivalry and valour of the ancient world. Before St. Patrick lighted the paschal fire on the hill of Slane, Emania was destroyed; but enough still remains, in the ruins of the Navan fort or ring, and in the melancholy bardic stories of Ierne, to testify to the regal sway and antiquity

of the Princes of Ultonia. A few miles north of Emania, or the "Navan fort," are to be met with the Battleford Bridge and historic Benburb, where the ruins of O'Neill's Castle are still visited by the traveller, and present a bold and picturesque grandeur, from the fact that it was built on a precipitous rock that overhangs the Blackwater, which runs at its base.

"There's a far-famed Blackwater that runs to the sea,
 There's *another* Blackwater that runs to Lough Neagh,
 The glory of Munster—the *pride* of all Ulster
 These twin rivers be."

Here, truly, is sacred ground for the patriot ; for the Blackwater, now calm and unruffled ("as mild as an infant at play"), bears testimony to one of the greatest victories ever won by Irish pluck and valour, when Owen O'Neill met Scotch Munro on its borders, and by one terrible onset made 3,243 Covenanters bite the dust, and captured Lord Ardes, 21 Scottish officers, 32 standards, 1,500 draught horses, and all the guns and tents. Beal-an-atha-Buidhe, too, in the immediate neighbourhood, records the spot where Bagnal fell and was buried, and a large tree is still shown which points out his grave.

But if Armagh and its neighbourhood have attractions for the antiquarian and patriot, it has still greater for the ecclesiastic and the scholar. The enemy that eventually prevailed over the daring and chivalry of the O'Neill and O'Donnell and other Irish chieftains, and by our divisions ("*hapless Nation, hapless land, heap of uncementing sand*") still keeps us a province, after nearly 300 years of cruel war and dreadful persecution of Catholic faith and Catholic education, now tolerates what it could not destroy, and again, as of old, the land is covered with noble monuments of undying faith and charity, surpassing in grandeur and magnificence the glories of the distant past.

The ancient See of Armagh, beloved by St. Patrick, its first archbishop, has claims and attractions, beyond all others, on the hearts and affections of the Irish race. Its ancient cathedral, founded by St. Patrick himself, its theological colleges and seminaries, and its various schools of learning, were the most famous in the world, and students not only from England and Scotland, but from various continental nations, assembled within its lecture-halls, until as many as 7,000 were at one time on the college

register. The fame of its doctors and professors for learning and sanctity travelled over Western Europe, and won for Ireland the glorious title of "Island of Saints." To its schools and colleges, as well as to the famous monastery of Bangor, Europe is indebted, in great part, for the blessings of faith and civilisation which the monks of the West carried with them to France, Germany, and Italy, where churches are still to be found dedicated to their memories. From those renowned nurseries of piety and learning issued a host of learned men, both native and foreign, who were, under God, instrumental in diffusing literature and religion throughout Europe; and so famous and world-wide was the reputation of her schools, that when any learned man had disappeared from the Continent it was usually said of him, that he was sent to Ireland for his education—" *Amandatus est ad disciplinam in Hiberniam.*" At home, the superiority of the schools at Armagh over those of any other part was never called in question, as appears from an ecclesiastical synod held by Primate Gelasius, at Clonard, diocese of Kildare, in the year 1162, where it was decreed, that no person should be

permitted to teach or lecture publicly on theology, except such as had studied at Armagh. As to its churches, in addition to the monastery of SS. Peter and Paul, St. Patrick built the cathedral, or *summum templum*, which was erected on the summit of the hill, but was demolished by the Danes under Turgesius, in 836; the *Templum-na-Feartha*, or Church of "the Miracles" where his sister, Lupeta, was interred; Temple Bridget, which occupied a site near to where the old chapel now stands, and several basilicas of which no vestige can be found. There were also in Armagh, in former times, two friaries, one a Dominican and the other a Franciscan, which were built, according to Wadding, in 1291, by Primate O'Scanlain.

Amongst the other religious edifices, we find that a Culdean monastery was founded in the seventh century, which served the cathedral choir, in which their prior acted as precentor. The Culdees were priests, and took their name from "*chiele Die*," which means servant of God.

By an inquisition, taken in the 33rd year of Henry VIII., the Culdees, or "Colidei," were deprived of seven townlands; and about the year 1625, their entire property in lands was

assigned, by royal grant, to the vicars-choral of the Protestant cathedral, whose successors enjoy their little sinecures on Vicar's Hill and in Cathedral Close, without any scruples to disturb the even tenor of an idle life, either in dreams by night or in work by day.

As might have been expected, when the announcement went forth that the cathedral had at last been completed, and was to be dedicated to divine service before the close of the year, not only the archdiocese, but the whole nation, broke out into manifestations of thanksgiving and gratitude to God. Nor was this joy and thankfulness confined within the four seas of Ireland. The Catholic press of the whole world, but especially where the Irish element abounds, took up the refrain of our victory (*"the victory that conquers the world—your Faith"*), and sent us delegates from our countrymen and co-religionists in America, Australia, and Great Britain, even from France and Italy, to record the attachment of the Irish exile to the country and religion of his fathers. Consequently, when the 24th of August, 1873, arrived, the day fixed upon by His Grace for the dedication of the *new* cathedral, whose beauty and elegance far sur-

pass the glories of the old, everyone, native and stranger, expected to witness such a pilgrimage as Ireland seldom, or never before, witnessed on any similar occasion. These expectations were more than realised ; for there is no other spot so sacred to Faith and Fatherland as is "the emerald set in the ring of the sea," of which Armagh is the ecclesiastical capital. The tens of thousands that assembled on that Sunday in and around the cathedral and filled the city, proved, as no words can do, the deep religious feeling of the Irish heart. Nor does that feeling suffer, on the contrary, it is enhanced by the glorious memories of "Red Benburb," when the O'Neill emblazoned on his victorious banner the Cross and Keys, with the "Red Hand of Ulster," and resumed the title of the "*Catholic Army*," originally chosen by his adherents. Faith and Fatherland—God and country! two virtues, when combined, that deify and immortalize man—one a supernatural, and the other a natural virtue, and both, consequently, from God. The facilities afforded by the different railway companies to parties at a distance for being present at the dedication were availed of by thousands eager to visit the "sacred city," and see with

their own eyes the *localities* "immortalised," and sung of by Irish bards, as the greenest and most hallowed spots in Ireland's dark history. From Cork to Derry, from Dublin to Galway, from Belfast to Sligo, and from wild Kerry to the blue highlands of far Donegal, priests and laymen journeyed to add to the grandeur and solemnity of the great occasion. Special trains, at reasonable fares, were run on Sunday morning from all the principal cities and towns in the east and north of Ireland, calling at all intermediate stations, and depositing their living freight at the railway station close by the hill on which the noble edifice proudly stands. By the several trains on the previous Saturday large numbers of strangers arrived in Armagh, and were accommodated, as well as possible, in the different hotels and private residences of the Catholic inhabitants, who treated their guests with that genuine and hearty hospitality for which the people of Armagh were always remarkable. Some of the hotels charged fabulous prices for beds, whilst, to their credit be it recorded, the Catholic hotels accommodated as many as they could without taking advantage of their opportunity of imposing a high tariff

on their imports. The scene at the railway station baffles all description. Trains from every part of the compass met there as at a centre. The endless and deafening whistling, and puffing, and shunting of a forest of engines, stowing away innumerable carriages, made confusion doubly confused, and still it was but a mere introduction to the supreme confusion of the evening. If we add to the immense multitudes that travelled by train from Dublin, Belfast, Derry, Enniskillen, and all intermediate stations, the dense crowd that covered every road leading to the city from a distance of ten to fifteen miles of country where railway travelling is not available, we may form some idea of the mighty multitude which no temple made by hands could contain. Their only canopy for the day was the blue vault of heaven, under which most of them partook of substantial refreshments which they brought from home, wisely suspecting that no supply of food which Armagh could furnish would "avail amongst so many." The numbers who visited the primatial city on the day of which we speak are variously estimated at from 50,000 to 100,000; nor can any approach to the truth

be made at the present time. Even had the different railway lines kept an account of the passenger traffic on that day, we should be still at a loss to know the numbers who travelled by road, either as pedestrians or by conveyances. As far as public rumour had it at the time, every train, no matter from what distance or locality, reached Armagh at or near to the appointed hour, and returned in the evening to its home in comparative peace and safety. But there are exceptions to almost every general rule, and the one which I am painfully obliged to adduce should not be passed over, for it proves the undying and irreconcilable hatred in which a hellish confederacy, that draws its inspiration from the open Bible, holds its fellow-man. Perhaps the largest of all the trains that arrived at Armagh on the 24th of August, was the one from Dublin. When it arrived at Drogheda it was literally crammed, for the intervening stations crowded it to inconvenience. At Drogheda, a long line of carriages and additional engines were attached, which carried the cream of the population of that historic town, and hundreds of well-to-do farmers and graziers from the surrounding districts of Meath and

Louth. On crossing the Boyne bridge the scene was truly magnificent. The placid river that ran smoothly beneath to its home in the ocean bore no trace of the purple tide of war that once crimsoned its borders. The ringing cheer and hearty God-speed; the waving of white handkerchiefs and green boughs by the crowds at the different stations, as the monster train approached, made up for the want of comfort which the traveller must bear in an over-crowded carriage. Comfort, that great *desideratum* in railway travelling, was an impossibility; yet still the sprightly humour and joyous abandon so characteristic of an Irish crowd were abundantly displayed. The only drawback was the regret at seeing so many left behind at the different stations for want of accommodation.

As the morning advanced, and the sun came out, rolling off the misty veil from near "Slieve Guillian," and the more distant mountains of Mourne, and smiling, as it were, on our purpose, the spirits of the pilgrims, that had been depressed at the aspect of the early morning with its lowering clouds and frequent showers, became more elevated, in true Celtic sympathy with the

enlivening aspect of the day. Beyond Poyntzpass a change was distinctly noticeable in the cordiality of our reception by the crowds and loungers about the railway stations, and dark looks and sinister signs took the place of the "God-speed," and "safe home," of Drogheda and Dundalk. This feeling grew in intensity at every stage of the journey. At Portadown, unwashed Orange handkerchiefs and faded Orange lilies were freely displayed; whilst knots of little girls and boys, at intervals, as the train passed, treated the passengers to the cry of, "No Pope, no priest, no holy water!" — a reception new and unfamiliar to many southern and *unsophisticated* travellers. Arriving at Rich-hill, the next station to Armagh, the train was delayed beyond half an hour for no conceivable purpose, except to keep its occupants late for the ceremony of dedication. This was in part effected, as High Mass was partly over by the time the train arrived, and, in consequence, the cathedral choir and the vast congregation almost deprived of the services of the most distinguished artistes of Dublin.

At the railway station what a commotion! what a bustle! what a human sea! when the car-

riages disgorged their occupants through the enclosure on to the street, only to find another sea of human beings, and every man a waif, floating whither the billows of life surging around might direct.

This contingent alone, which may be called the southern one, would have formed a respectable congregation for any ordinary occasion. As the cathedral was already filled, but few could wedge their way into the porches and by-places; the others had to be satisfied with visiting the most interesting portions of the city and neighbourhood, whilst as many as could procure vehicles drove out to see the historic battlefields already spoken of. The difficulty of procuring refreshments by those who neglected to provide for the emergency was great, and sometimes ended in failure. Every hotel, public-house, and place of entertainment were regularly besieged, and not only the houses crammed, but the yards and out-houses thronged by a promiscuous multitude of all classes. Some of the conscientious shopkeepers refused to break the *Sabbath* by opening their doors; others, whose cupidity was sufficiently strong to prevail over their scruples, compromised matters with their con-

science by keeping the front of their houses closed and opening the doors at the back. There is no stranger animal than your "conscientious shopkeeper," who, although he may have read of the multiplication of the loaves and fishes in Galilee, would not act the part of the good Samaritan to his papist neighbour, lest it would interfere with the DUE observance of the Sabbath.*

* Up to this time my impression had been that the Puritanical observance of the *Sabbath* had been confined to Scotland and a few districts in Ulster, where the descendants of the Scotch settlers had kept alive the dark practices of their ancestors; one of which was, not to allow refreshments to be supplied to travellers or strangers on the *Sabbath*. No one could be otherwise than surprised to find this system in existence in Armagh, where the Catholic and Episcopal Protestant elements predominate. Yet, but for the influence and irresistible attraction of the "*almighty dollar*," many strangers would have had to return to their distant homes both cold and hungry. It was the golden key that opened the back door and got them admission to the yard.

In Buckle's "History of Civilisation in England," vol. iiii., cap. iv., speaking of Sabbatarianism in Scotland, he mentions many Scotch observances of the Sunday, some of which, strange to say, are more or less practised in a few localities of Ulster. Let us hope that in a short time

In the midst of joy and pleasure a presentiment of danger steals imperceptibly on the mind, and occasionally fills it with apprehensions of some impending evil. Such was the case with many on the day in question. From the ominous signs of the morning there were many forebodings of mishaps befalling the late trains on their return, and especially the Dublin and Drogheda one, which attracted such unenviable notoriety in the morning. So apprehensive of danger were many that, after the morning service, some took cars and travelled across the country to Newry, some fourteen or fifteen Irish miles, in order to escape the perils of the way, and others remained in the city during the

they will exist but in history, and will be spoken of, like the pagan mythology, only in fable and romance.

Here is a sample of the Puritanical observances of the Sabbath in Scotland, according to Buckle: "It was a sin to laugh, but not to smile; it was a sin for a Scotchman to travel in a Catholic country, and for a Scotch inn-keeper to admit a Catholic into his inn. On Sunday, in particular, he must never think of benefitting others; it was a sin to give food to a starving man, unless his opinions were orthodox." "Thus it was," says Buckle, "that in the seventeenth century, the national character of the Scotch was dwarfed and mutilated, and that not only human pleasures but also human happiness was destroyed."

night and left by the early morning train, preferring whole bones to the loss of a return ticket. A gentleman from Drogheda describes the scene at the railway station before the Dublin train left the platform :—

“Then,” he says, “the trouble began—all was chaos. No classification, no checking of tickets, no order was possible in the semi-darkness, and happy was the man who could struggle into a carriage and get a seat. As the train was leaving the platform stone-throwing commenced. The darkness was favourable to the would-be assassins, and the motion of the train protected them from a terrible and deserved chastisement : even as it was, with great difficulty a few gentlemen were restrained from using their revolvers. A large stone, weighing six or seven pounds, came through the window of the compartment I sat in, striking a gentleman from Dublin ; Mr. Coleman, a magistrate from Dundalk, was severely cut with another. Many carriage windows were broken, and the occupants more or less injured.”

For the ruffianism displayed on this and all similar occasions, for all these acts of cold-blooded and wanton atrocity, the Orange So-

ciety is solely responsible. The leaders of that insulting faction should know better than to foster feelings of sectarian animosity, which invariably culminate in some such outrage as this. Consequently, the G. Ms. and the D. G. Ms. are more guilty in this respect than the degraded wretches who have made the name of Ulster a by-word and a reproach to Irishmen over the world. What sort of soul must be possessed by the abject creature who thinks he is pleasing his Creator by cherishing "envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness" against those who worship that Creator in a different way, and BECAUSE they worship Him in a different way :—

"They almost make me waver in my faith,
And hold opinions with Pythagoras,
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men."

Pity that a religious ceremony of one particular faith should be regarded with hatred by those who have not the good fortune to belong to a more enlightened and tolerant creed ; and few men will be inclined to doubt, we venture to assert, that the memory of the sainted Patrick is, as least, as worthy of respect as that of Wil-

liam of Orange ; we are safe, also, in stating that we defy contradiction, that nothing but respect and civility would ever have been displayed to those attending any Protestant religious celebration in the south of Ireland. God grant that the North may soon bear as good a character, and deserve it as well.

The alarm caused by the atrocious conduct of these fiends in human form was so great, that the railway authorities took every possible precaution to protect the lives of the passengers, and keep the line clear of any obstruction the Orangemen might place on the rails. With this object, a pilot-engine preceded the train, and policemen were placed here and there where danger was apprehended. As the pilot-engine and train moved slowly and cautiously as far as Gorah Wood, where further danger was not apprehended, its arrival at Drogheda was long and anxiously awaited. The Dublin train, too, was impatiently looked out for, and welcomed by a chorus of Angelus bells ringing the *Ave Maria* ; for it was six o'clock, and the morning was calm and bright. At Portadown, Lurgan, and Lisburn, the Belfast train met with some unpleasant demonstrations from the *canaille*, who filled the different platforms as

it passed, and one gentleman got a severe cut on the head with a stick. From what occurred to those who travelled by road it would appear that a murderous onslaught on isolated parties returning home from Armagh had been previously organised. On the highroad from Armagh to Newry, several attacks were made on respectable families, and ladies were stricken with stones and covered with mud. But the climax of ruffianism culminated at Loughgilly, where the carriage of the venerable and saintly Bishop of Dromore, the Most Rev. Dr. Leahy, was set upon by a large crowd, who endeavoured to catch the horses, but were baffled in their attempt, owing to the desperate speed with which the coachman drove. Fortunately the bishop escaped amidst a shower of stones and cries of "To h—ll with the Pope," which had but little effect, *indeed*, on His Holiness. In stating these facts, which disgrace our common Christianity, I would not have strangers at a distance to imagine that the entire Protestant community are actuated by kindred feelings towards their Catholic neighbours; on the contrary, the great majority, of whatever class or sect, blush with grief and shame that such wretches are to be found in any Christian com-

munity. But we must pass on to the bright side of the picture, and leave the "evil doer" to enjoy the dark spots that cannot bear the light. Cold and uncomfortable as was the night, gloomy and ill-appointed as were the carriages, the satisfaction of being present at the mighty gathering was sufficient compensation for any sacrifice of personal comfort. Years will pass away before that gathering is forgotten; and long after those who helped to swell the mighty crowd on the day of dedication shall have passed away also, this noble edifice will tower aloft in beauty and in majesty, a colossal testimony to the zeal and piety of its founders. But the great attraction was the interior of the cathedral. At ten o'clock, the great bell began to peal forth its sweet and solemn tones of invitation, and as this was the first occasion, its deep and sonorous notes brought joy and gladness to many a heart as the sound rolled and swelled, and died away 'midst the rich and fertile hills and valleys that beautify the neighbourhood. Long before the appointed hour the cathedral was filled to its utmost capacity. The ceremonies commenced by the procession of the prelates and clergy forming in the

grounds of the diocesan seminary adjoining the cathedral, and proceeding along the south side of the cathedral till it reached the great west entrance, where the prayers prescribed by the rubric were read by His Grace the Primate, the officiating prelate. The procession then proceeded round the exterior of the church, whilst the old Gregorian music of the Psalms was chanted by the entire priests, and rose in harmonious and solemn beauty as in the "days of old" when St. Patrick consecrated his *own* church on the adjoining hill, and dedicated it to the service of the Most High, and of the national and indestructible faith of Ireland.

Having gone round the exterior of the cathedral, the great western doors were opened, and the procession proceeded up the centre of the nave to the sanctuary, where the Litany of the Saints was chanted. First in order came the cross-bearer, supported by acolytes and thurifers, then a large body of the clergy numbering some three or four hundred, wearing soutanes and surplices, and followed by twenty prelates attended by their chaplains. As it would be impossible to give the names of the clergy present from almost every diocese in

Ireland, and from different parts of England and Scotland, since the one-half of their names did not appear in any newspaper, we must rest satisfied with the names of the bishops :—

Most Rev. Dr. M'Cormick, Lord Bishop of Achonry.

Most Rev. Dr. Power, Waterford.

Most Rev. Dr. O'Reilly, Liverpool.

Most Rev. Dr. Conway, Killala.

Most Rev. Dr. M'Devitt, Raphoe.

The Hon. and Most Rev. Dr. Clifford, Clifton.

Most Rev. Dr. Lynch, Coad.-Bishop, Kildare.

Most Rev. Dr. Moran, Ossory.

Most Rev. Dr. Conway, Ardfert.

Most Rev. Dr. O'Hea, Ross.

Most Rev. Dr. Conaty, Kilmore.

Most Rev. Dr. Nulty, Meath.

Most Rev. Dr. M'Evilly, Galway.

Most Rev. Dr. Gillooly, Elphin.

Most Rev. Dr. Dorrian, Down and Connor.

Most Rev. Dr. Leahy, Dromore.

Most Rev. Dr. Donnelly, Clogher.

Most Rev. Dr. Kelly, Derry.

Most Rev. Dr. Strain, Edinburgh.

His Eminence Paul Cardinal Cullen, Dublin.

Most Rev. Dr. M'Gettigan, Primate, Armagh

The procession both outside and inside the cathedral was touching, grand, and solemn; the long line of priests in surplices of purest white, the richly jewelled mitres and superbly adorned copes of the bishops, as they gleamed in the sunlight, must have amply repaid for their journey the immense crowd that looked on at a distance; but when it entered the church, the dim lights changed the dazzling spectacle into a scene of wonderfully-subdued grandeur, and then the work of man's hands was solemnly dedicated and set apart, from henceforth and for ever, for the service of religion and the worship of the Most High God.

After the first gospel of the Mass, which was celebrated by the Lord Bishop of Clogher, with all the gorgeous ritual of the church on such occasions, the dedication sermon was preached by Father Burke, in place of Cardinal Manning, Archbishop of Westminster, who had previously promised, but was prevented from fulfilling his engagement, owing to the state of his health.

The non-appearance of His Eminence caused disappointment to many, especially to a few Protestant ladies who had provided themselves

with tickets, to hear the distinguished convert and Cardinal. They determined, however, that no advantage should be taken of their "*liberality*," and true to their instincts, they demanded and got back the charge for admission. It had been rumoured for some time previous, that John of Tuam, the Great Archbishop of the West, was to preach the dedication sermon. No better choice could have been made; for, as the cathedral is a national one, erected to perpetuate the faith and memory of our national Apostle, and built by the subscriptions of the Irish race at home and abroad, no other living man, lay or cleric, represents so fully the faith and aspirations of the Irish heart, as does the illustrious Archbishop of Tuam. If his name and his virtues be dear and sacred to religion and patriotism here at home, they are household words and still more dear and sacred to the poor "Exile of Erin," who, as he looks back on the home of his youth and affections, thanks God, in the fulness of his heart, that so long a life has been vouchsafed to one who impersonates all that is exalted and noble in the Irish character.

As to any preacher being able to fill the

cathedral, it is quite out of the question ; the character and worth of the man must be the charm of his eloquence, and convince when language is lost and words unavailing.

Father Burke was happy in his text, "The just man lives by faith," and developed it in a masterly manner. He showed that as it is with individuals, so it is with nations ; that from St. Patrick's See, as from a centre, went forth that light of faith and sanctity by which the whole of Ireland became the mother of the greatest saints in the Church of God, and the nursery of monastic learning that for centuries enlightened and Christianized the greater part of Europe. His sermon was a historical epitome of the triumphs of the faith in Ireland, and a fitting sequel to the dedication of St. Patrick's Cathedral in the ancient city of Armagh, the seat of the chief primatial dignity in Ireland.

At the close of the eloquent sermon of the gifted Dominican, a collection was taken up which amounted to the munificent sum of £8,200, including several parochial subscriptions from different parts of the diocese. No words can convey the ready cheerfulness with which both rich and poor, Protestant and Ca-

tholic, contributed. Every Catholic present seemed anxious to have a part in the great work, and to be animated with a deep religious feeling akin to that which possessed the late venerable Bishop of Kerry, on his visit to Armagh to assist at the month's memory of Dr. Dixon. On that mournful occasion his lordship said, "That he visited Armagh with the devotional feeling of a pilgrim for some sacred shrine, and with a heart laden with sorrow for the loss the Irish Church had sustained in the demise of the sainted dead."

So general was the desire of all to contribute, that some who had been passed over at the collection would not leave without having their names and subscriptions registered on the long roll of those who had already helped to raise such a glorious monument to Ireland's faith and nationality. Had the occasion been fully taken advantage of a much larger sum might have been realised. Too many strangers had been appointed to collect, whose places would have been better filled by members of the committee or other local gentlemen; and, but that parties volunteered their services when they found that the "*appointed*" collectors could not

find out their allotted sections, the result of the collection would have been less satisfactory. Had the immense multitude which filled the city and whiled away the day as best they could, been admitted to the cathedral grounds by paying a shilling each, a respectable amount would have been added to the proceeds of the day. Neither might any disorder or confusion be feared from a crowd so orderly and well-disposed; the solemnity of the occasion and the sacredness of the place would have been a sufficient guarantee for their good conduct and religious demeanour.

The evening sermon was preached by Father Moore, S.J., His Eminence the late Cardinal Cullen presiding. The cathedral was fairly filled, but not so densely crowded as in the morning. His discourse, which was taken from the 106th Psalm: "Give glory to the Lord, for He is good, for his mercy endureth for ever," was eloquent and chaste, and well suited to the occasion; but, except those who sat in the vicinity of the pulpit, few could hear it. Had Father Moore a smaller church, his sermon would have given every satisfaction, for the style and composition were faultless.

Thus the 24th of August, 1873, the dedication of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Armagh, passed over, and the work which Primate Crolly commenced and Primate Dixon did so much to complete, His Grace, the present Primate, has had the privilege and honour of finishing, and perpetuating at the same time, the noble qualities, the zeal, and piety, and energy that distinguished his two predecessors, and shall keep their names imperishably associated with the erection of the most glorious Catholic temple this "*land of ours*" has produced, either since or before the "*so-called*" Reformation. The generous action of His Grace, in finishing and dedicating the cathedral, so soon after his elevation to the Primatial See, deserves more than a passing notice, and adds another to the two great names already spoken of, which will live, for all time to come, in the history of the Church of Armagh, in connexion with the erection of its glorious cathedral.

Before closing this short and imperfect notice we may be permitted to state, that we have guarded throughout against making any exaggerated statement, with a view either to overrate the work of the past, or unduly magnify that of

the present. Hereafter, when the present generation shall have passed away, and all of us be gathered to our fathers, posterity will award a true and "*unselfish*" tribute to the memory of departed worth and greatness; and the stranger, as he enters the glorious pile whose dimensions have not yet been given, will bless God, and exclaim in the abundance of a grateful heart, "How sublime was the faith that erected it!"

It would appear from a remarkable incident recorded in the "Book of Armagh," and translated by the Rev. Dr. Reeves, that the site of the new cathedral was pointed out by St. Patrick himself. When the saint went out with Daire, the lord of the soil, to view the site he had obtained from him, and on which the Protestant cathedral now stands, the "Book of Armagh" says: "And they went forth together, both St. Patrick and Daire, to view the admirable and well-pleasing gift, and they ascended the height and found a roe and a little fawn with her lying on the spot where the altar of the northern church in Ardmacha now stands. And St. Patrick's companions wished to catch the fawn and kill it, but the saint objected, and would not permit them; nay, more, he even took up

the fawn himself and carried it on his shoulders, and the roe followed like a pet sheep until he laid down the fawn on another eminence at the north side of Armagh, where, according to the statement of those who are familiar with the ground, miraculous attestations are to be witnessed at this day."

The spot here referred to is the top of Banbrook Hill, on which the cathedral now stands; and it would seem from this record, that the saint had some presentiment of the glory which in after days was to be identified with the place. Beautiful as the cathedral undoubtedly is, its proportions and lofty towers borrow additional grandeur from the circular and lofty hill on which it stands. The grand entrance is approached by three or four terraces of white limestone, carved and tastefully laid out, and lighted in winter by a row of gas-lamps, on either side, and extending in a circuit round the exterior of the church. The walks are tastefully laid out with shrubs and evergreens, that add to the attractions of the spot, which should be visited to be fully appreciated. The plan of the cathedral is cruciform, and comprises nave, aisles, and transepts, with chancel

and choir. The two western towers and spires rise to a height of 210 feet; width of nave and aisles, 72 feet; across transepts, 112 feet; height from floor to ridge, 110 feet; and total length in the clear, 210 feet. The four large windows, of grand dimensions, are filled with beautiful tracery, and so also are all the windows both in the aisles and clerestory. The stone-cutting and workmanship of the doors are chaste and massive. The great carved doorway, facing the town, is finely wrought and richly moulded. The crossing of the roof, where the transepts intersect the nave, is supported by four grand arches nearly eighty feet high, underneath which lie the remains of Primate Croll, just where the high altar stands.

The style of architecture adopted by Mr. M'Carthy is that known as "decorated Gothic," in contradistinction to the "perpendicular" which Mr. Duff had followed as far as the top of the aisle-walls, and of the arches between the nave and aisles. On the resumption of the works by Primate Dixon, Mr. M'Carthy adopted, as we have said, the "decorated Gothic," which was adhered to until the work was finished. During the period that

elapsed from 1840 to 1854, a remarkable revolution had occurred in ecclesiastical architecture. Old cathedrals were more accurately and scientifically studied, and the style of "*Gothic*" which previously prevailed was superseded by earlier and purer styles, which accounts for the perceptible change to be met with in the carrying on the work. Whether or not the change is an improvement is not a subject for our consideration. Neither are we in a position to pronounce an opinion on the matter. By the change, however, the roof was raised from an imperceptible pitch to almost an equilateral triangle, thereby adding twenty feet to the height of the cathedral ; and, instead of flatly-finished towers rising to the height of 128 feet from the ground-line, towers rising to the height of 210 feet have been substituted. These additional heights have added, no doubt, to the boldness of outline, as well as to the grandeur and picturesqueness of the cathedral ; but have they compensated for the departure from the original, is still debated by many who know as little as the writer does about either perpendicular or decorated Gothic.

In most instances, when the death of one ar-

chitect necessitates the employment of another, the original design is somewhat departed from ; and in no edifice is that departure so remarkable as in a cathedral church whose towers are either curtailed or enlarged as the individual taste and judgment of the architect may suggest.

Abstracting altogether from ancient or modern style, the cathedral, as it stands, nobly reflects the faith and patriotism of the Irish Catholic, and proclaims to the world the indestructibility of that religion which animates and inspires him to make such sacrifices for its glory and triumph.

On St. Patrick's day, 1840, as has been stated, the foundation-stone of the cathedral was laid ; and on the 24th of August, 1873, the house was solemnly dedicated. Of the thirty-three years that intervened between 1840 and 1873, the works have been suspended for thirteen years at least, owing to the death of Dr. Crolly and the apathy of the late Cardinal Cullen and the Most Rev. Dr. Kieran ; so that the period during which the works were actively pressed forward did not exceed twenty years—not an unreasonable time, taking into account the

difficulties and vastness of the undertaking. The entire sum expended up to the present cannot be less than £70,000; and when it is taken into account that labour and materials were comparatively cheap at the time the great expenditure took place, the £70,000 may be considered equivalent to a present outlay of £100,000, at the lowest calculation.

As a proof of the interest taken by strangers in the completion and dedication of the cathedral, the numerous messages sent by the Postal Telegraph Office, and promptly transmitted to their destinations throughout various localities in Ireland, England, Scotland, and America, should not be left unnoticed. Beyond £300 were received at the office for telegrams alone, which were read, on the evening of the same day by Irishmen in New York as well as in Liverpool or Dublin. Let us hope that the charity of the faithful will not rest satisfied with the material structure. The interior decorations should even surpass the beauty of the exterior, and, by degrees, the principal windows filled with stained glass to the memory of some benefactor or dear departed friend. Already three such windows have been erected. *One*

in particular deserves special notice here, as well on account of the two great prelates of whom it is a memorial, as of the princely munificence and large-heartedness of the donor. The following notice, which I take from the *Belfast Examiner and Observer*, of Nov. the 1st, will be read with profit and delight by the many admirers of Primates Crollly and Dixon when living, and by those who only form an estimate of their character from the monuments of their faith and zeal to be met with everywhere throughout the archdiocese :—

“ The many friends of the late Most Rev. Dr. Crollly and Most Rev. Dr. Dixon will learn with pleasure that their lives and their labours have not been forgotten by the grateful people of the archdiocese of Armagh. Each of these two great and holy prelates presided worthily for many years over the spiritual destinies of the children of St. Patrick in the ancient and time-honoured See of Armagh ; and a few days ago there has been erected to their memories in the new cathedral of that city a beautiful stained-glass window, at a cost of £920. It is now more than thirty years since the first-named prelate was called to his reward, having been stricken down

by cholera in the very bloom of health and vigour, and while, in all human calculation, the zealous prelate could have looked forward to the enjoyment of many years of a useful and active life. After death his remains were removed from Drogheda, where he breathed his last, to the new cathedral, in the erection of which he was busily engaged when called to his account. They were then deposited in a vault under the spot where one day was to stand the high altar, and beneath what was to be in after years the mighty dome of the most gorgeous and most magnificent cathedral that Ireland, either in ancient or modern times, has yet witnessed. Years rolled on, and the great work on which the deceased had set his heart remained unfinished, and hence no mural tablet or marble slab could be erected to proclaim to future generations that beneath the floor of that mighty pile reposed the ashes of him whose brilliant mind, and whose big, capacious Irish heart had given shape and existence to an ecclesiastical structure which is now the glory of the ancient See of St. Patrick and the proud inheritance of the Irish Church. In the fulness of time, however, the arduous undertaking pro-

jected and commenced by a Croll, vigorously pushed on by a saintly Dixon, was brought at last to partial completion under the fostering care of the present noble-hearted and munificent primate, himself a successor, both in the See of Raphoe and Armagh, of Primate O'Scanlon, who, as historians tell us, was the first to build a stone church in the city of Armagh. In the year 1873 the new cathedral was solemnly dedicated to the service of God, amidst a scene of pomp and splendour such as has been rarely witnessed in this or any other age, even in the most favoured of Catholic lands. The 24th of August, 1873 must ever occupy one of the most brilliant pages in the chequered annals of Irish history, and will long remain green in the memories of those whose privilege and pleasure it was to have witnessed the gorgeous ritual, the sublime ceremonial, as well as to have gazed upon the thousands of the faithful sons of St. Patrick, gathered together from every quarter and clime of the globe, on that ever memorable and eventful day.

“ From that hour to the present there was one participator in the ceremonies whose thoughts wandered back, almost instinctively, to the lives

and labours of the two great primates whose names have been so intimately associated with the erection of St. Patrick's. He felt that one of the first duties of the present generation was to take some means of erecting to them a suitable and lasting memorial. Gratitude as well as Catholic piety suggested such a recognition. The Catholic Church stands out pre-eminent amongst all Christian sects in respectful remembrance of the dead. With her children this characteristic is not a matter of mere sentiment or feeling; it is one of the most lively instincts of their holy faith, for they believe with the inspired author of the 2nd Book of Machabees, that 'it is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from their sins.' No more perfect proof or illustration of that affectionate feeling for the dead, and grateful remembrance of their good works, could be afforded than the beautiful stained-glass window which now ornaments the chancel of the new cathedral. As a work of art it stands almost unsurpassed, and has been manufactured by the Dublin firm of Early and Powell, whose fame both as sculptors and glass-stainers has been long since established beyond the pos-

sibility of question or doubt. The most important events of the crucifixion, together with several other minor interesting subjects, are represented in colours at once striking and happily blended. It is difficult to know which to admire most—the window, as an important and highly ornamental addition to the decoration of the cathedral, or the unequalled good taste of the following appropriate inscriptions:—

“ ‘Of your charity pray for the soul of the Most Rev. William Crolly, Lord Primate of all Ireland, the 105th Successor of St. Patrick in the See of Armagh. He laid the foundation-stone of this Cathedral on March the 17th, 1840. Died on Good-Friday, 1849, whilst the building was in progress, and is buried in the centre of the choir.’

“ ‘Eternal rest to the soul of the Most Rev. Joseph Dixon, Lord Primate of all Ireland, and 107th successor of St. Patrick, who largely contributed to the erection of this Cathedral, and died on the feast of St. Catherine of Sienna, 1866.’

“ ‘This memorial window, erected 1879, on the spot they loved and laboured to adorn, for God’s glory, is a grateful homage and offering

to the merits and to the memory of two Primates who lived and laboured solely for the salvation of others. May they rest in peace—Amen.'

"If ever there was an epitaph strictly truthful it is that contained in the foregoing words—words which are at once sublime in their simplicity and exquisitely touching and pathetic in their tenderness of expression. The bones of the saintly Dr. Dixon rest in the quiet little cemetery attached to the convent of the Sacred Heart, with a plain limestone cross to mark the grave, that being the only ornament permitted by his will to be erected over his grave. No doubt the new cathedral itself will be a monument '*perennius ære*' for the two great prelates, whose names must be ever inseparably entwined and associated with its erection. Still it seems but meet that some living and speaking voice should record the most important work of their lives, and this voice shall ever echo with no feeble sound from the gorgeous window erected to their memories in the hallowed chancel of St. Patrick's, Armagh.

"We can hardly help expressing our regret that we are not in a position at present to make

known to our readers the name of the generous donor at whose sole expense the handsome memorial has been erected. However, it will hardly be a breach of confidence to say, that the present is not the first occasion on which his purse-strings have been opened wide in the interest of, and for the embellishment of Armagh Cathedral, and that his well-known humility of character is only equalled by the princely munificence of his charitable heart. When another page shall have been added to the history of the archdiocese of Armagh by the future annalist of the Irish Church, it will be found that the nineteenth century has raised up a series of zealous and holy prelates, not unworthy to take their place among the glorious array of saintly archbishops who, from the days of St. Patrick and St. Malachy down to those of the martyred Plunkett, have shed a lustre on the ancient See of Armagh.

“The friends of Dr. Crolly and of Dr. Dixon, as well as the people of Armagh, owe a deep and lasting debt of gratitude to the kind benefactor who has done so much to perpetuate and keep fresh in the recollection of the present as well as of future generations, the memory of

those holy and deserving prelates. May the donor be spared many long and happy years ; and when, in the fulness of time, he shall have been called to his reward, may his name be ever cherished in fond recollection, and may it be ever held in benediction and honour."

In this prayer of the *Examiner* we heartily join, and feel assured that, when the name of the generous benefactor shall become "*publicly*" known, the Catholics of Armagh and of the entire diocese will give expression to their gratitude, and pray also that God may bless and protect and reward the generous heart that did so much to beautify *His own* temple and honour departed worth and greatness at the same time.

The "*renaissance*" of Catholicity in Ireland, especially in Ulster, during the latter portion of the present century, is a phenomenon unparalleled in the history of Christendom. It is only those who witnessed the condition of the Irish Catholic before Emancipation and towards the close of the last century, that can fully understand the progress that has been made, and the resurrection that has taken place. From the rude altar of the Mass-

garden, in the depths of some lonely glen, or some grotto on the wild mountain's side, where the mysteries of religion could *only* find a shelter and a home, the faith of poor martyred Ireland, pure as the Gospel of the Catacombs that conquered and christianized pagan Rome, went forth from its hiding-place to reassert its supremacy in the cities, and towns, and thoroughfares of the land, by erecting cathedrals, and churches, and monasteries, and convents, and colleges, as in the days of old, when the synonym of Ireland, before the world, was a nation of saints and learned men. —“*Insula sanctorum atque doctorum.*” But how did the Ulster Catholics outlive *their* cruel night of persecution? For centuries the sword had not been sheathed, but drank deep of the purest and best blood of the land. They who could, fled to the Continent and found a home in France and Spain, in Italy and Austria, where a descendant of “*those Irish exiles*” holds the highest civil position, to-day, in that great empire, as did M'Mahon in France, and O'Donnell in Spain. Next came the plantation of Ulster, when the property of the Catholics of nine counties was confiscated and given to a

brood of needy Scotch settlers ; and, last of all, within the memory of some still living, "a new and unheard-of persecution" raged throughout Ulster, but especially against the Catholics of County Armagh, and the penalty, as we have seen, was, in the first place, expulsion from their homes and properties ; or, should they not surrender at discretion, they were left the choice of two evils—either hell or Connaught. How, under such circumstances, Ulster preserved the faith, and proudly points, to-day, to the triumphs of its endurance, is a matter well worthy the consideration of the moralist and philosopher. Nor can it be either thoroughly or appreciatively understood without taking into account the state of religion in Ulster at and previous to the erection of the cathedral and seminary.

Without going so far back as the penal laws or the plantation of Ulster, the history of our own times and those of our fathers will furnish the strongest and simplest proof of what I am after stating.

Within the memory of living men, the normal condition of the Armagh Catholic was the darkest and saddest to which any people, either

civilized or savage, could be reduced. Nor could the youth of the present generation believe it, did not humane and truthful Protestant historians describe it, in order to condemn and execrate it? The lawless banditti, of whose cruelties Lord Gosford complains in a letter to the magistrates of Armagh, already quoted, spread such terror and alarm throughout the county by their midnight burnings, robberies, and murders that we find 1,400 families—7,000 Catholics—in one year quit their homes and farms, and seek shelter in the mountains or make their way to Connaught. Mr. Plowden, who is by no means favourable to the Catholics, says that from 5,000 to 7,000 were driven from their homes, whilst O'Connor, Emmet, and M'Neven in their memoirs of the *Union*, put down the number at 7,000 at least.

The notices to quit that were served on the poor, unoffending Catholic, whose only crime, according to Lord Gosford, was the profession of the Roman Catholic faith, were laconic and pithy—"To hell or Connaught, within so many days. If not ——." If after the expiration of that period the notice had not been complied with, the Orangemen commenced a persecution

of the blackest dye. They would no longer permit a Catholic to exist in the county. Another form of notice was an *improvement* on the first—"Go to Hell, Connaught won't receive you, fire and faggot—Signed, Will Tresham and John Thrustout."

Plunder and banishment and murder had been carried on, during the years 1795-96-97, with such impunity, that many magistrates, who either connived at or encouraged it, became alarmed lest the contagion of pillage and plunder might reach their own homes after the "papists" had been got rid of; and we find that, at a meeting held on the 28th December, 1795, thirty magistrates resolved:—"That it appears to this meeting that the county of Armagh is at this moment in such a state of disorder that the Roman Catholics are grievously oppressed by lawless persons unknown, who attack and plunder their houses by night, and threaten them with instant destruction unless they abandon immediately their lands and habitations."

To check this appalling persecution, that professed nothing less than the extinction of the entire Catholic population of the county,

they (the Catholics) formed themselves into an association called Defenders, to defend their altars and homes against incursions—the “fire and faggot” of the Protestant Boys, the Wreckers, or the Peep-o’-Day Boys, as they were promiscuously called. At the very period of which we write, the different religious elements that made up the population of Ulster seemed disposed to amalgamate, and unite and bury the hatchet of religious strife. But such a state of things would not suit the exigencies of the British Government. The spirit of unity and fraternity was spreading fast, but the recall of the governor, Lord Fitzwilliam, cast a gloom and despair over the general community, by taking away every hope, either of reform of Parliament or Catholic Emancipation, from the liberal and well-disposed of every religious denomination.

The natural consequence of such a policy was to drive a large number of people—the talent, the patriotism, the manhood, and the nobility of the land—into the ranks of the United Irish Society. Then, says Mr. Plowden, “the gentlemen in place became frightfully alarmed for their situations ; active agents were sent down

to Armagh, to turn the fanaticism and ferocity of the 'Peep-o'-Day Boys' into a religious contest with the Catholics, under the specious zeal for Church and King. Personal animosity was artfully converted into religious rancour; and, for the specious purpose of taking off the stigma of delinquency, the appellation of Peep-o'-Day Boys was changed into that of 'Orangemen.' In the northern part of county Armagh this bloody confraternity first originated, and a Mr. Thomas Verner enjoyed the bad eminence of being its first 'Grand Master.' "

No language can describe the condition of the poor persecuted Catholics at this period of their sufferings.

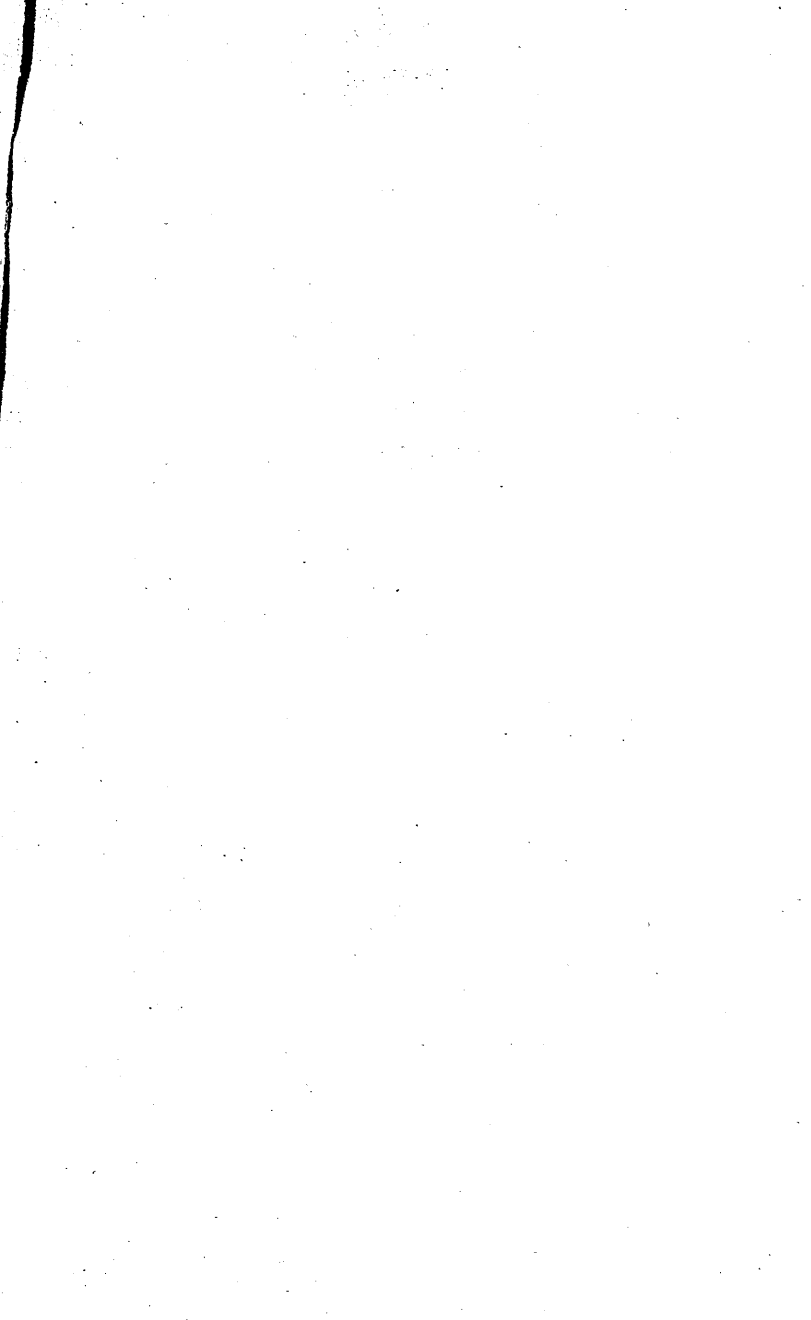
The persecuted "Defenders" of Armagh made some feeble attempts to defend themselves, which led to what is called the battle of the Diamond, near a village of that name, on the 21st September, 1795. The Defenders were defeated, as might be expected, for no Catholic *then* could keep arms or purchase ammunition, whilst the Orange or Peep-o'-Day Boys were armed to the teeth. A few of the Defenders were shot dead and some few wounded, and thus ended what is ludicrously

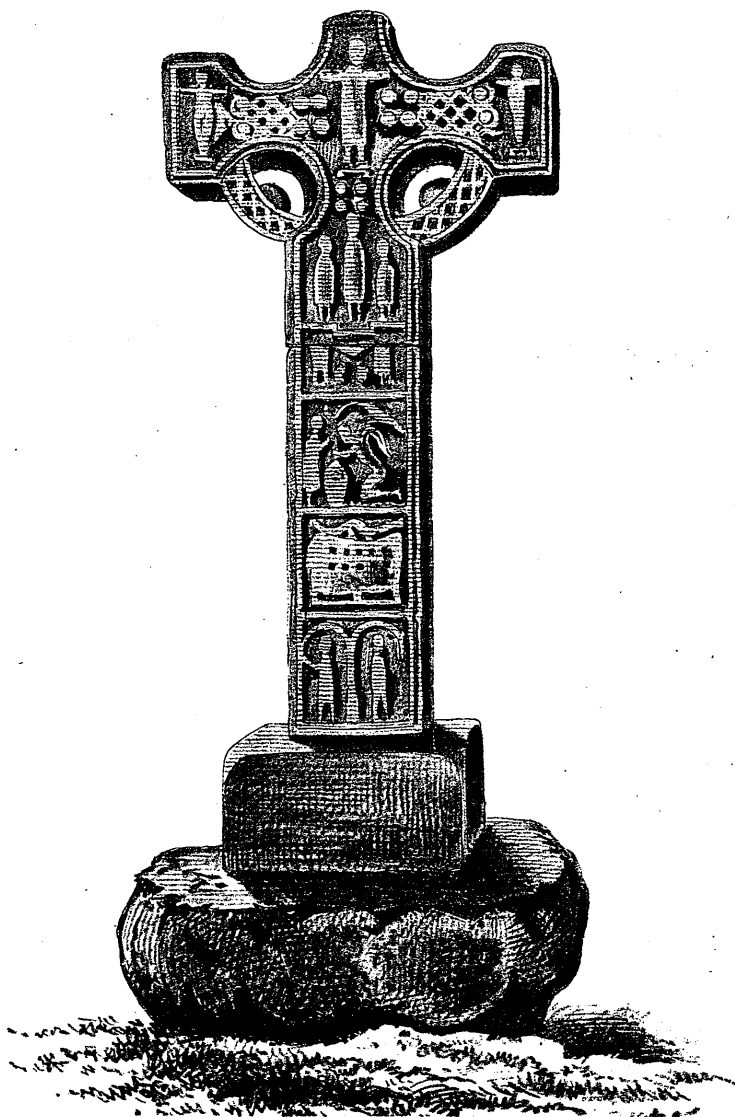
called the battle of the Diamond. Not so, however, the fell spirit of un-Christian ascendancy it evoked and perpetuates, for the glorious battle of the Diamond is one of the charter toasts of the Orange confederacy from that day to the present. This "*glorious victory*" emboldened the brotherhood. They followed it up by nightly visits to the Catholic districts of the county, where roofless cabins and burned homesteads marked, even in our own days, their desolating march. To check and repel such visits was the object of the Defenders, as their name implies; and, but for them, there would not be many Catholic families in County Armagh to-day.

An intelligent old man, who gloried in the name, told me repeatedly the system which the Defenders pursued in order to defend their lives and properties, the honour of their wives and daughters and helpless ones from these midnight fiends. Whenever an "invasion" was apprehended, the roads in the neighbourhood, and especially the cross-roads, were picketted by two active men. On the approach of the "Peep-o'-Days" (so called from paying their visits before daylight), one of the men

ran to alarm the inhabitants, who were fast asleep after their daily work, the other blew a horn, and kept a respectful distance before the advancing party, who were well armed and frequently accompanied with ferocious blood-hounds. In a short time bonfires were lighted on every hill like so many camp-fires. Whatever direction the Orangemen took, the horn preceded them, and kept constantly calling the people to arms. To this point the Defenders converged, and awaited their foe, who feared the light. Discretion is sometimes the best part of valour, but the midnight assassin is always a coward; so, on every occasion when their approach was detected, the *wreckers* beat a hasty retreat, and frequently returned to headquarters with a short list of casualties in wounded and missing. Even in the present century, and for years after Emancipation, similar occurrences have taken place in County Armagh, but not so wholesale as during the last quarter of the past century. Untamable and irreconcilable as the low, uneducated Orangeman is, in whatever part of the globe his lot may be cast, the most vicious animal of the *genus* is to be found in Ulster, and particularly in Armagh.

Many proofs of this melancholy truth might be adduced did not the conduct of the "*fraternity*," on the occasion of the consecration of the cathedral, to which reference has been already made, hold it up to the scorn and abhorrence of every humane man, be his religious or political creed what it may, and settle all further controversy on the matter. I shall, therefore, but adduce one other instance to show that neither time nor circumstance can change the nature of the "*animal*." About the middle of the twelfth century there were four stone crosses in the city of Armagh—St. Bridget's, St. Columba's, St. Eugene's, and the cross of Port Rath. In Stewart's "History of Armagh" it is stated that at a very early period seven stone crosses had been erected in the city of Armagh. "A fragment of some of these," the historian says, "called St. Patrick's Chair, stands at this hour—1819"—(the year in which Stewart wrote his history)—"near the great door of the western aisle of the cathedral, whilst some broken remnants of a second cross which lately stood in Market-street are deposited in the church." Whether this be the cross that was brought from Raphoe by





FAC-SIMILE OF THE LAST OF THE CROSSES, PULLED DOWN BY THE ORANGEMEN
IN 1813, FROM "STEWART'S HISTORY OF ARMAGH."

Primate Prene, in 1441, and stood in Market-street till the latter part of the seventeenth century, when it was pulled down, but afterwards re-erected in 1763—where it stood unmolested till the 2nd of July, 1813, when it was finally broken to pieces—is not quite certain, although Stewart is inclined to believe that it is the same.

The figures on the cross in Market-street, as shown in the engraving, represented, according to Stewart, who had often seen it, the crucifixion of Christ—Adam and Eve beneath the tree of life, Noah's Ark, the descent of the *Holy Spirit*, &c. I am tempted to give another quotation from Stewart to show the antiquity of the Primatial city, and the treasures of Christian art and faith that lie buried and hidden in the old graveyard, where some Catholic families still bury.

On the 13th June, 1805, he says: "A curiously-carved and regularly-formed octagonal stone was found in the bottom of a grave seven feet deep, near the south-west angle of the western aisle of the church. It is covered with figures of cherubs and of *fleurs-de-lis*, and is probably a part of a sepulchral pillar, erected

to the memory of some chieftain." Perhaps to the memory of Brian Boru. Who knows?

But to mark the resting-place of the dead or express the faith and hope of the living, there is no other monument so sacred and appropriate as the cross—

"The Celtic cross place o'er me
And the ivy around it twine—
'Twill tell to the land that bore me
That the ancient faith was mine :
And though fallen and low I found it,
And trampled, and poor, and lone,
Yet my heart grew the closer round it
Like the *ivy* around the stone."

Without being polemical, may we not fairly ask, could or should there be any emblem of Christianity so typical of the Christian religion as the cross on which its founder was crucified? If the Mahommedan venerates the crescent that surmounts the tall minarets of his mosques, and would die a thousand deaths sooner than allow the hand of the infidel—as he calls the Christian—to pollute by his touch even one stone that was consecrated to the Prophet; what should not be the Christian's veneration for "*his*" emblem—the cross—which surmounts the Christian temple and beautifies the public thoroughfares

and secluded by-ways of every Catholic land, and, in times past, of none more so than poor, faithful, Catholic Ireland?

Ah! did Bible Protestants only reflect that, in pulling down the cross, whilst they uncover their heads before a likeness or statue of William III., and drink his "pious, glorious, and immortal memory;" or whilst they make obeisance in passing the throne of the Queen, because of a little lump of animated clay that occasionally fills it; they would not condemn their Catholic fellow-countrymen for saying, with St. Paul, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." Neither would they replace the cross by a weathercock, as I have occasionally witnessed, even though it be more in keeping with their ever-changing religious opinions *

* In Belfast, about thirty years ago, a handsome little Protestant church, in the Gothic style of architecture, had been erected at the end of York-street, opposite the railway terminus. A cross surmounted the spire of the belfry-tower, which gave great offence, as savouring rather much of Popery or Puseyism. It had to be removed, and in its place stands "*securely*" to-day a *mongrel* weathercock that serves all purposes and gives general satisfaction to those concerned.

We rejoice, however, to be able to state that this hatred of the cross is dying out, *even* in bonnie Scotland, the land of Bruce and Wallace, of Scott and Burns, and *once* the home of patriotism, of chivalry, and of song, notwithstanding that John Knox, "*the ruffian of the Reformation*," did so much to uproot from its soil every vestige of Catholicity. In travelling through a part of that country a few years ago, we were agreeably surprised to find that most of the lately-erected "kirks" have their crosses, and bear, externally at least, a complete resemblance to the Catholic churches of our own dear land. Time, no doubt, and the return to Catholicity in England of the intellect and nobility of the land, will effect still greater changes in the religious mind of the country, and will do away with another greater and more deplorable Christian paradox than hatred of the cross—we allude to the un-Christian disrespect in which the low and uneducated Protestant of every sect holds the name and the virtues, and the dignity, of the immaculate Mother of God.

That Christian anomaly, too, is happily disappearing, and not a few beneficed clergymen of the Anglican Church feel bound to declare, to-day, that, "do what he will, the Christian

cannot separate Mary from Jesus ; for Nazareth, and Bethlehem, and Calvary, the incarnation, birth, and crucifixion of our Lord unite them indissolubly in the economy of man's redemption," and, let us add, proclaim for ever Mary's part in that adorable work. So great a change has come over the Christian feeling of the different sectaries of the present day, that we feel justified in stating that the descendants of the men who pulled down the last of the crosses at Armagh are as much ashamed of their progenitors, as are the men of our own time ashamed that in the blindness of *their* fanaticism they burned in effigy the Mother of God, through hatred of the Pope, for having reconstructed the Catholic hierarchy in England. For those who acted such a part, and for those of the same religious belief who feel it unbecoming in a Christian to trample *on the sacred* ensign of the cross, or dishonour her "whom all nations shall call blessed," I shall merely quote, from a pagan author, a *truism* equally applicable to both, and admitted by every philosopher, be his creed what it may :—

"Facilis descensus Averni

Sed revocare gradum superasque evadere ad auras

Hoc opus hic labor est."

In 1441 a fifth cross was erected by the then Primate, which was brought from the cathedral of Raphoe. This is supposed to be a cross which, up to a recent period, stood in the centre of Market-street. Be this as it may, the ancient cross in Market-street had been thrown down towards the close of the seventeenth century, and remained neglected till about the year 1763, when some of the citizens raised it from the rubbish in which it lay buried, and placed it in the centre of the street on a large block of stone, to which they secured it by iron bands rivetted through the stone, and immovable. In this position it stood for half a century, an eloquent, though silent witness of our early Christian faith, and a sacred and interesting monument of Irish ecclesiastical antiquity. But the same spirit of blind vandalism and sacrilege that pulled it down in the seventeenth century survived, and still lives on in the nineteenth; and on the 2nd July, 1813, a few wretches, styling themselves *Bible* Christians, tore it down for the last time and shattered it in fragments, so that its re-erection might be impossible. Some time ago, and perhaps at present, the arms of it might be

seen within the enclosure of the graveyard of the Protestant cathedral, towards the south of the western transept, and not far from the spot where it originally stood. As might be expected, this atrocious and un-Christian act excited deep and sorrowful indignation through the Catholic community of the city and neighbourhood. It had withstood the storms of centuries and the hate of the Puritan ; around it clustered the *devotional feeling* of the Catholic and the homage of the antiquarian ; the clasps that bound it together added to its attraction for both, and caused its loss to be generally deplored, as an outrage had been perpetrated against the Christian as well as the archæologist. It was an ornament to the city, and, from its elevated position, attracted the attention and admiration of all who passed by. The market-square seemed widowed and desolate without it, and the sorrow of the country people who were in the habit of attending the market, knew no bounds, for with them, at least, it was an old, familiar, and favourite relic. Many and heartfelt were the execrations that were invoked on the heads of the guilty party, and found their way into pamphlets and ballads, which largely

formed the street literature of the day.* I only remember one line of an old song, to a plaintive air, which personified the lamentations of the old cross, and ran thus:—

“They’ll dearly pay for the pulling down of me.”

Whether this was prophetic or not I leave to the reader to conjecture from the following story, frequently told me by a most intelligent, respectable, and truthful gentleman, the late Mr. James Bennet of Armagh, who witnessed the occurrence to which I allude:—Some three Orangemen, his immediate neighbours, had been suspected of being the parties concerned in the outrage, so much so that the crime had been, by common opinion, laid at their doors, and from their antecedents few, even amongst their associates, doubted their guilt. On a sultry day in July, about the date of the anniversary of “pulling down the cross,” two of these men were weeding potatoes in a field

* The old ballads or street literature of the country are, in many cases, the truest and only history we possess of facts that the past generation witnessed. Another song is still sung and remembered in the parish of Ballymacnabb. It is called “*The Granemore Bold Defenders*,” and perpetuates another act in the *sad* drama of the past century.

convenient to the road, when, all of a sudden, a thunderstorm broke out, and, followed by drenching rain, caused them to take shelter under the gable of a roofless mud-walled house close by. At this time the third man was returning from the town, and also took shelter under the mud wall, when, immediately after, the gable tumbled down and killed the three unfortunate men. Their sad fate confirmed the belief of many as to their guilt, and was looked upon, whether rightly or wrongly, as a manifest judgment of God.* The condition of the Ulster Catholic at the time was pitiable in the extreme. Politically and religiously he was the veriest of helots. The beneficent effects of Emancipation, that brought joy and peace to the other provinces, only added to the virulence of the Orange magistracy of Ulster in dealing with their Catholic fellow-countrymen. As no punishment was ever inflicted on the Protestant delinquent, so no leniency or justice was ever extended to, or expected by, the Catholic.

* Stewart says, in a note of his history of Armagh, "We believe the party were, Robert Jackson, R. Gardner, William Stewart, James Prentice, Lee M'Kinstry, Boat-swain Mosson, and Thomas Dobbin."

Even to express sympathy with their sufferings was sure to excite the frenzy of the Orangemen, which often resulted in such outrages as deterred humane and right-minded Protestants from espousing the cause of their persecuted neighbours.

I will only mention one case in point as illustrative of what I have stated. The house of a man called O'Neill was burned by a mob of Orangemen coming from a lodge, and headed, it was said, by two sons of Mr. Verner, a magistrate and notorious Orangeman. Mr. Wilson, a Tyrone magistrate and neighbour to O'Neill, demanded from the Castle an investigation into the matter, and Mr. Serjeant Moore and a crown solicitor were sent down to investigate the facts. Mr. Plowden affirms that Mr. Moore put himself in communication with the Messrs. Verner, the accused house-burners, to procure him evidence of what took place. Need it be stated that the learned Serjeant returned as wise as he came. Mr. Wilson wrote to, and had an interview with, Lord Chancellor Ponsonby on the matter, he applied also to have his own commission as a magistrate extended from Tyrone into Armagh (as he dwelt on the

border), in order that he might have some power to protect the poor Catholics. His application was refused. And when it had become known that he had exerted himself so much to protect the Catholics, he *himself*, a magistrate, was subjected to the outrages of the wreckers—his range of offices, filled with hay, was burned down one night; and, as he still continued to importune the Secretary on behalf of his persecuted neighbours, a writ of *supersedeas* from the Lord Chancellor, on the 3rd of July, 1807, deprived him of the commission of the peace, and “*thus*” his philanthropy was rewarded. For years after Emancipation, the very same spirit and practices obtained in county Armagh—no protection for either the life or property of the Catholic helot. Their religious condition was in keeping with their civil disabilities. It was “down to the dust and ashamed to be seen,” when Dr. Crolly sounded the trumpet of its resurrection; and schools, and seminaries, and churches, and convents and cathedrals, crown the hills, and thoroughfares, and cities of holy Ireland to-day, surpassing in architectural beauty and design the glories of “the ages of faith” that speak to us to-day in the restoration of the

old cathedrals which badly harmonise with the cold formularies of Protestant worship.

From Armagh, as a centre, the revival went forth, and, like the rays of the sun, pervaded the entire province, whose churches and schools at present command the praise and admiration of Catholic Ireland. "This is the victory that conquered the world—your faith." But in no other part of Ulster is that triumph so conspicuous as in the city of Armagh. Other towns in Ulster have grown up rapidly, and religion has kept pace with the increase of population and the employment of labour; but the population of Armagh is stationary, and a low Orange clique, of the most degraded and sectarian type, enjoy every office and emolument to the exclusion of every Catholic and liberal Protestant. To find in such a place the most beautiful cathedral in Ireland, St. Patrick's College or Diocesan Seminary, with the primate's palace, all on the same hill; whilst at a short distance, on another eminence equally beautiful and more picturesque, stand the convent of the "Sacred Heart," with its large boarding-school for young ladies, its day-school for respectable children, and free schools for

the poor of the city; the Christian Brothers' schools at Green Park, in another direction of the town, where a large number of boys receive an excellent religious and literary training—all go to prove the progress which Catholicity has made in Armagh since Primate Crolly initiated the work. What a contrast? “Look on *this* picture, and on *that*” which confined Catholic worship and Catholic education within the limits of Chapel-lane, where the old chapel and National Schools still flourish, as in times past, and dispense the treasures of faith and education to those who seek them there.

As the contemplation of the material structure of the universe impresses the active intelligence of man with the belief in a supreme Being, infinite, omnipotent, and immortal, so in the structure of the Christian temple the faith and genius of Christianity have combined to make tributary everything that is sublime and ennobling in art, to elevate the soul to God and make it sensible of the awful truths of redemption.

The works of the great masters, in painting and sculpture, speak to the senses and proclaim in silent but eloquent language that *this* “is the house of God and the gate of heaven.”

And although *we* do not possess in *our* cathedral churches the treasures of art with which continental nations ornament and embellish their cathedrals and churches, still we are progressing rapidly, and the cathedral at Armagh would not suffer by comparison with many of her continental brethren. On entering the nave by the front door or grand entrance the *coup d'œil* of the cathedral is beautifully sublime. The long row of tall and tastefully-carved columns and graceful arches, on either side, separating it from the aisles; the four great pillars and arches in the centre of the transept, beneath which stands the high altar; the beautiful altar and chapel of the B. V. M. behind, and, on either side of it, the chapels of the Blessed Sacrament and St. Malachy; the high roof, with its rich decorations and paintings of the crucifixion, resurrection, ascension, St. Patrick, &c.; the magnificent organ—"the noblest of instruments"—in keeping with the style and dimensions of the church: all and every object the eye rests upon, appeal to the devotional feeling in man, and call upon him, in the beautiful language of the Church, to lift up his heart to God—*Sursum Corda*; while the

response steals from him imperceptibly—*Habemus ad Dominum*—for he feels that he is in God's own temple, "the place where his glory dwelleth." Nothing, as has been stated, is so calculated to impress us with the majesty of God and the divinity of the Christian religion as the noble cathedral. And Armagh would be unworthy of its traditions, did not her primates erect there, as they have done, a temple worthy of the ancient See of St. Patrick and the cradle of Ireland's Catholicity. For, as Dr. Dixon says in his last appeal to the Irish Catholic at home and abroad, "Is not Armagh a household word with the Irish Catholic in every part of the world?"

"Armagh! the name of the sacred city of Ireland, the Jerusalem of our country—where that glorious temple stands on its own Sion, the noblest monument ever raised to the memory of our apostle." Yes, and let us add, moreover, an enduring *monument* of the indestructible vitality of the Catholic Church. The sublime description, by Lord Byron, of St. Peter's at Rome, may not be out of place here, not by way of comparison, for the noblest structure of ancient or modern times bears no comparison to

St. Peter's, but to illustrate the truth of what has been already stated, that the majesty of God and the genius of Catholicity are inseparably united and proclaimed in the sublimity and adornment of the Christian temple—

“ But thou, of temples old or altars new,
 Standeth alone, with nothing like to thee
 Worthiest of God, the holy and the true,
 Since Zion's desolation—when that *He*
 Forsook his former city, what could be
 Of earthly structures, in his honour piled
 Of a sublime aspect—his Majesty,
 Power, glory, strength and beauty, are all aisled,
 In this eternal ark of worship undefiled.”

THE END.

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